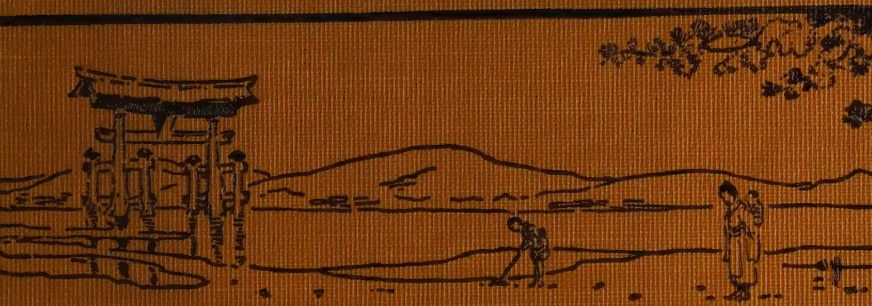

WITH TARO AND HANA IN JAPAN

By

ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

AND

NCY VIRGINIA AUSTEN

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WITH TARO AND HANA IN JAPAN

"'Oh, how funny to have a man to pull the carriage!'"

WITH TARO AND HANA IN JAPAN

BY

ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

AND

NANCY VIRGINIA AUSTEN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY GEORGE W. HOOD

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY UNION LIBRARY 1962

NEW YORK

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

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CROSSING THE PACIFIC

I

A big steamship sped across the Pacific Ocean. For sixteen days it had steamed ahead, with each sunset coming three hundred miles nearer Japan.

On the boat were Americans, Europeans, a few Filipinos, Chinese, and Japanese.

The last day of the voyage had come, and from early morning the passengers had walked the deck watching the coast of the islands we call Japan.

Mrs. Yada, a gentle little Japanese lady, and her two bright, active children had been the favorites of the whole ship. This was Mrs. Yada's first visit home since she had come with her husband to live in Ohio ten years before.

In a quiet corner of the deck, Mrs. Yada reclined in her steamer-chair. She had not slept any the night before, from sheer joy at the prospect of seeing her

native land once more. During the long, sleepless hours she had thought of the new habits of her American life and of the old things of her girlhood, and most of all of her mother, whose failing health was calling her to Japan.

Taro Yada, her ten-year-old son, and his sister Hana, eight years of age, eagerly watched the line of green off in the distance. Taro held Hana by the hand as she tiptoed to peer over the rail.

"Look! Brother, what a strange white cloud over there!" exclaimed Hana, pointing toward the horizon.

"Oh, no, little girl; that is not a cloud. That is Mount Fuji," said a gentleman standing beside the children. And he let Hana look through his field-glass at the sacred mountain of Japan.

"Oh-h! It is different now. It looks like a fan!"

"Father read a poem to me once which said that Mount Fuji is a huge fan hanging upside-down in the sky," added Taro.

"Mother," called Taro, as he and Hana ran toward her chair, "please come and watch Grandmother's country with us."

"In a moment, children, but I wish to tell you something first, and you must remember it carefully. You know when your father said goodby, he told you to

honor both flags that we carry, the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun."

"Yes, Mother, we remember."

"This is your first visit to the land of your parents. You see, Japanese homes and customs are different from those of America, and you will have to learn much in order to make Grandmother proud of you."

"Yes, Mother," said Taro. "I was ashamed at school when my composition on Japan was not the best in the class. Miss Brown said that I ought to know more about Japan than American boys."

Mrs. Yada's eyes rested for a moment on the green islands in the distance; then she turned toward the wistful brown faces of her children.

"Always remember to be gentle and quiet," she said; "for even children in Japan must make polite bows."

"Yes, Mother; we will remember."

"Let us go now and watch the coast," she said as she took their hands and led them to the rail.

Picturesque fishing-boats dotted the water between the ship and the land. As the wind swelled their brown sails, they looked like huge birds resting upon the waves.

"It is like our Japanese print, isn't it, Mother?"

"Yes, Taro, quite like it."

It was afternoon when the steamer glided slowly up

to the Yokohama dock and was securely fastened by a big hemp rope. The gang-plank was lowered into place between the ship and the wharf. The passengers stood along the rail of the decks watching the people waiting below on the pier. Among those who evidently expected friends, Mrs. Yada saw her brother.

"There is your Uncle Fumio, children," said she.

"Where, Mother? Which is he?" shouted both eager voices.

"The one at the foot of the gang-plank. He is wearing a dark blue University uniform and a four-cornered cap. Those letters in front of his cap mean Imperial University."

"I see him! He is coming this way!" shouted Taro. "Shall I wave at him?"

"No, son. Wait until he comes up, then greet him with a bow. The old man just behind him, wearing Japanese dress, is Grandmother's old servant. He used to take me to school when I was a little girl, and he has come all the way to escort us to Grandmother's. You must bow politely to him, for in Japan we always show respect to our elders."

"He has on a skirt. Do men wear women's clothes?"

"Hana! Do you not know the ceremonial dress of Japan?"

"Oh!" gasped meek little Hana, ashamed of her ignorance.

But just then the young uncle and the old family servant stood before Mrs. Yada, bowing very low and saying in very formal, dignified Japanese words, "We are happy to welcome you." Taro and Hana had never seen such low nor deliberate bows, so they felt impressed with the solemnity and importance of a Japanese greeting.

Then the old man turned to the children.

"So this is our young master and this our little lady. You will bring sunlight to your grandmother," he said in Japanese, bowing low.

Two little black heads bent before him, but they could not think of a single word to say. Then they looked into their uncle's eyes and liked him at once. He said in the friendliest English, "I am very glad to see you, Taro San and Hana-ko San."

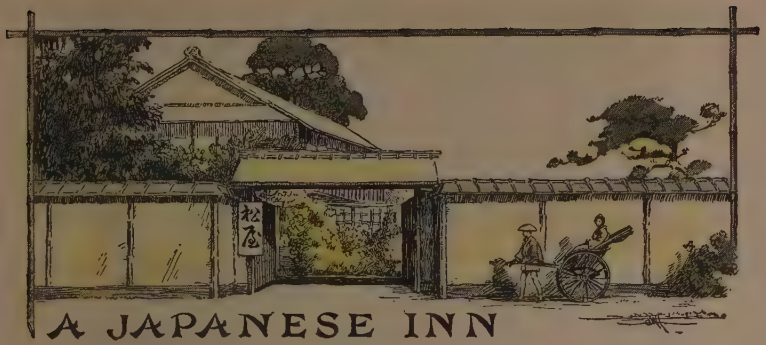
"Oh, Uncle Fumio," said Hana, "I am so glad to have some one to talk English to! I cannot understand very much Japanese yet." And she ended with a sigh.

"You will soon be able to speak Japanese as well as English," consoled her uncle.

Then he led them down to the wharf, where the children saw a jinrikisha for the first time. A jinrikisha is a two-wheeled carriage drawn by a man.

"I hope we will ride in one," Hana whispered to Taro.

But Taro did not hear her. There were so many strange things to see on a busy Japanese wharf.



A JAPANESE INN

II

On the pier Mrs. Yada found a little group of friends who had come to welcome her. They bowed several times and said words which Hana could not understand, but which sounded very mournful to her. She wondered why they did not shake hands and laugh with happiness, as her American friends did. Hana had much to learn about the dignified customs of her mother's land.

Jinrikishas were waiting near-by to take them to the hotel where they were to spend the night. Because they preferred to travel to Grandmother's home in the country by day, they had to spend their first night in Japan in an inn.

There was a jinrikisha for each grown-up, but Hana and Taro rode in the same one; and the brown, bare-legged jinrikisha man gave them the kindliest smile

as he tucked the rug round their knees. Then he picked up the shafts and stood ready to follow behind Mrs. Yada's man.

"Oh, how funny to have a man to pull the carriage!" thought Hana as the men started off in a slow trot.

Suddenly she clutched Taro with one hand and the side of the jinrikisha with the other. They seemed to be swaying from side to side, and both children expected to be turned over. But nothing of the kind happened, and in a few minutes they ventured to look around at the strange sights in the streets.

"Look, there is a man pulling a cart!" said Taro. "And how tiny and low the houses are!"

The shops were so small that some of the wares had to be set outside on the sidewalk.

"How cunning!" thought the children.

Then the streets became narrow and all the people jogging by stared at the two Japanese children in American dress.

"The people are all so little and brown; I want to go home to my Daddy!" wailed Hana.

Then she looked back and saw her uncle's jinrikisha just behind hers. He smiled at her so kindly that she cuddled down with a sigh, her fears all gone.

"O-oi!" the cry rang along the line of jinrikishas, as they halted in front of a large wooden gate, which

was opened immediately by a man wearing a blue coat with white Japanese characters on the lapels. A queer-looking, unpainted wooden building, with its name *Matsu-ya* (Pine Tree Inn) written in big scrawling Japanese picture-words on the gate-post, stood a few feet back of the gate.

Mrs. Yada was expected at the Pine Tree Inn, so a row of maids and serving people kneeled at the door, bowing low. "You are honorably welcome," they said with great respect.

Mrs. Yada took her shy little daughter's hand and led her into the entrance.

"The maid will remove your shoes," she said. "We must not enter a Japanese house with shoes on."

Between bows, smiles, and giggles the maids removed the children's shoes, and set them in a neat row on the stone in front of the hall veranda. They addressed the children all the time as *O-Jo-Sama* and *Bo-Chama*, which means "Young Mistress" and "Young Master."

A bevy of dainty maids escorted Mrs. Yada and her party to their rooms.

"Let's play we are Alice in the story-book!" whispered Hana to Taro, as they slipped along behind in their stocking-feet.

"All right!" Taro whispered back.

The thick straw mats were soft beneath their feet. Then they sat down on the silk-covered cushions which the maids placed on the floor, and looked around the room.

A long picture hung at one side, and a vase stood before it on a table just a few inches high. On the other side of the room was a low desk; but instead of pen and ink this desk had a black lacquered box at one corner and a bamboo brush-holder near it. For, you see, in Japan people write with a brush dipped in India ink; and the box contained a little stick of ink and a stone on which to rub it when moistened with water.

Uncle Fumio came and sat by the children and talked to them while their mother gave instructions to the maids. The keen black eyes on each side of Uncle Fumio took in all that went on in the room.

A maid came in slowly with a pot of tea and, kneeling, placed it in front of Mrs. Yada; then another followed with a plate of cakes and did the same. The maids always kneeled to open or close the sliding paper doors.

Mrs. Yada looked relieved when the bustle was over and she could talk quietly to her brother and old Ji-ya about her dear mother.

Presently *pitter-patter* came soft stocking-feet out-

side the door, and a maid entered. Bowing, she said, "The honorable bath is ready," then went out as quietly as a mouse slipping around a corner to escape a hungry cat.

"I will take my *American* nephew and show him how to take a Japanese bath," said Uncle Fumio, laughing at his joke of calling Taro his American nephew.

"May I go, too?" said Hana, jumping up and running to get her bathrobe.

"You had better come with your mother after we finish," he replied, going out with Taro.

"What a big room!" exclaimed Taro. "It is as large as my nursery."

In the middle of the room was a huge tub, almost as big as the swimming-tank on the steamer.

"It is big enough to swim in, Uncle!" shouted Taro excitedly. "Is the water deep?"

"Yes, quite deep enough for swimming," he said. "Put your bathrobe in this bamboo tray. Do you see this low platform, made of slats, in front of the tub? You must stand on that and dip some water out of the tub with this wooden dipper and pour it over your body. Then, when you are clean, you may get into the big tub."

"Do I wash *before* I get into the tub?" asked Taro.

"Oh, yes. It would never do to get into the tub until

you are perfectly clean, for, you see, others will use the same water after we have finished."

"What a funny way!" thought Taro, and was about to say it when he remembered what his mother had said on the boat about the customs of Japan being different from those in America. So he said nothing. His mother would have been proud of her son's thoughtfulness had she known of it.

After the baths were all over a maid came to ask if they were ready for supper.

"Yes, you may bring it at once," Mrs. Yada said. "We will eat our meals here," she explained to her children. "In Japan we do not have dining-rooms."

Just then the door slid softly back, and five maids came in, carrying five little black lacquered tables just a foot high—one for each person. And the food was all ready on the tables in pretty dishes.

"Oh, this is just like a doll party!" exclaimed Hana, clapping her hands.

Uncle Fumio always laughed at everything the children did or said.

"Now let us see how well you can use the chopsticks," he said, as they began the supper.

There was boiled rice, miso soup, broiled fish, omelet, lily bulbs, pickles and sweets. Taro liked everything

except the soup. Hana thought the egg-cake and the sweetened chestnut the best of all.

After they had finished, the maids removed the tables, and then they had a good time talking and telling what great fun they had had on the boat.

Although the camelia buds just outside their room were swelling, and the plum-tree by the corner of Pine Tree Inn was in full bloom, still the air was chilly, and Mrs. Yada clapped her hands to call the maid.

"Bring another *hibachi*," she said, when the little maid answered.

The maid brought in a low box which looked like a section cut from the trunk of a tree. As she placed it by Mrs. Yada, the children noticed for the first time another just like it on the other side of the room. Taro saw that it held some gray ashes, and he watched the maid start a fire in it.

A pair of iron chop-sticks about ten inches long and the size of a slender pencil were sticking upright in the ashes at the side of the box. The maid took both sticks in her right hand and hollowed out a place in the center of the ashes. She uncovered a live charcoal ember which had been buried lightly under the ashes. Then she picked up some pieces of black charcoal, still holding the chop-sticks in her right hand, and carefully and daintily laid them over the live ember.

Soon they began to crackle. Both children exclaimed with delight as the black sticks changed to a mass of red-hot embers.

"Now come and warm your fingers, Hana," said her mother.

By bedtime the children were so tired that they asked no questions when the maids spread thick, silk-covered comforts on the straw mats for their beds. They crept between the soft covers and were soon fast asleep, their little heads resting on the tiny pillows stuffed with buckwheat bran.

GOING TO GRANDMOTHER'S

III

Uncle Fumio took the travelers to their train.

"In another month my examinations will be over. Then I shall come home for a visit," he said.

"Oh, how glad we are!" both children shouted.

"I wish Commencement came today," said Taro wistfully.

"The end of March will be here before you know it," laughed his uncle.

"Is it far to Grandmother's, Uncle Fumio?"

"Yes, Taro—a whole day's journey. It is up in the mountains of Shinshu."

"What is Shinshu?" asked Hana.

"That is one of the provinces of Japan. It is a beautiful place in the mountains and you will love it."

Just then the station-master blew a whistle, and the train started. Uncle Fumio jumped off the train.

"Goodby—*sayonara*!" every one said to him, as they bowed.

"*Sayonara*—goodby!" he called back, as he bowed.

Then Mrs. Yada, the children, and Ji-ya settled down with their bags and bundles at one end of the car. The long seat ran the entire length of the car, just like the seats in the street-cars in their American city.

A man and his wife and their two daughters were on the opposite side of the car. They all wore kimonos which looked very much alike, except that the young ladies' were prettier.

The gentleman had on black *tabi*—socks reaching to the ankle with a separate compartment for the big toe—and plain wooden clogs. The mother and daughters wore white *tabi,* and lacquered clogs that were covered on top with fine straw. The ladies did not wear hats. Their glossy, abundant black hair was arranged in the most curious way. The mother's was in a high pompadour above her forehead, and spread into long, loose wings on both sides. Hana thought the wings very beautiful. The back was a smooth, shiny roll.

One daughter had the same beautiful, thin stiff wings, but when she turned her head to look out of the window, Hana was surprised to see that the back hair

was a high bow-knot tied below the middle with a white cord. A silver hairpin tinkled at one side.

The younger daughter's hair was pulled straight up from her neck and tied in a double bow-knot on top of her head. It seemed to Hana that it must be uncomfortably tight.

"Mother," Hana whispered, "why do they all fix their hair differently?"

"Married ladies wear plainer hair," Mrs. Yada replied. "And the little girl still has short hair to show that she is not yet grown up. Very soon you will be able to know the different styles, for your grandmother is very old-fashioned and she still keeps the old customs in her household."

Pretty soon the gentleman slipped his toes out of the straps on the front of his clogs. Then he stepped up on the seat and sat down with his feet tucked under him, just as every one had sat in their room at the Pine Tree Inn.

In a little while the man's wife did the same thing, but she turned her face toward the window as she squatted upon the seat.

Taro and Hana watched their neighbors with wide-open eyes. As usual, Taro wanted to know why they did it.

"I think it is because they are more comfortable sit-

ting in their accustomed way," his mother explained. "Don't you remember last year when we were going to Florida we saw some people sitting with their feet on the seat in front of them?"

"Yes, Mother. Was it because they were tired?"

"Yes, dear; the same reason."

First the train passed through a plain with many farming villages.

"Who live in those queer houses with hay on top, Mother?" asked Hana.

"Japanese farmers live there, Hana. Those are thatched roofs."

"I can't see any farms."

"The farms here are quite small. Do you see those low patches of ground surrounded by little ridges?"

"I can see dozens of them," exclaimed Taro.

"Those are rice fields, and in a few weeks will be covered with tender green rice stalks," their mother continued.

"Will you take us to see the rice growing, Mother?"

"Grandmother has many rice fields, and we will watch the men planting, and perhaps cutting and threshing the grain, too."

"Oh, what fun!" both children exclaimed, clapping their hands.

Then the train came to the mountains, and it went through tunnel after tunnel. Taro liked to watch the train dart into the entrance and spring out again into the light. He pretended that he was a moving-picture actor.

But Hana liked the scenery between the tunnels. The mountains with waterfalls hugging their rugged sides reminded her of the Japanese pictures in their sitting-room in Ohio. Some of the peaks went up so high that she could not see the tops. One time she saw clouds hovering around a tall peak like a beautiful soft shawl covering its shoulders.

"What are those stones for?" asked Taro, looking at rows of stones on top of the mountain huts.

"They are placed there to keep the strong winds from blowing the roofs away. The wind is very strong in these mountains sometimes," his mother explained.

"Look! Look! What is the tall white palace?" Taro cried.

Hana jumped up on the seat and pressed her face against the glass. Old Ji-ya laughed merrily.

"That is our prince's castle, and your grandmother lives next to it," he told them.

Mrs. Yada explained the old man's words in English.

"We have almost finished our journey," she said.

"Ho! ho! we are a prince and princess marching to our white castle!" cried Taro. He went up and touched Ji-ya's arm. "Does a really and truly prince live in the castle?" he asked.

"Not now, Taro Sama, but when your grandmother was a little girl a brave prince and a beautiful princess lived there."

"It is used as a museum now," Mrs. Yada added.

Soon the train slowed down at a neat country station. A row of small, crooked trees waved their short arms in a happy welcome. And on the platform covered with small white pebbles stood a large crowd of people looking eagerly into each car as the train slowly passed them.

When the children stepped down to the platform they were confused by the porters running to and fro with the bags and by the friends who were bowing so many times.

Old Ji-ya talked to everybody and bowed to everybody. He told all about the trip up the mountains, and the trip of his dear children across the wide ocean.

"The boat was longer than this train," he said; "and in Yokohama there are hundreds of people with blue eyes and red hair. In America everybody looks like

that—the honorable Mistress said so," he told his friends.

Among those on the platform were two cousins, Yukio and his sister Toki, whom Taro and Hana had never seen, but whom they liked at once.

The four children smiled shyly at each other, and Taro made the first advance.

"Uncle Fumio is coming up in a month," he said in English.

"Is that so?" replied Yukio in the same language.

"Where did you learn English?" asked Taro in surprise.

"At school," said Yukio.

"Do you study English in Japanese schools?"

"Of course," replied Yukio, who had not yet learned enough English to make long sentences.

By this time the baggage was piled up in a cart, and jinrikishas were drawn up in a long line ready for the party to start. It was growing dark, and each servant and jinrikisha man had a white paper lantern with a large black crest painted on one side. The tallow candles shining through the oiled paper made the crests stand out clearly.

The crest was that of Mrs. Yada's family. Here it is, and it means *Kawamura*—River Village.

The coolies pulling the cart wore blue cotton coats with the crest stenciled in white in the center of the back, and *Kawamura* in white on the lapels in front. That is the custom in Japan.

Hana and Taro thought the long procession of lanterns, bobbing up and down with every step of the men, the most wonderful sight they had ever seen.

"Maybe we will turn into a prince and princess, after all, and stop at the castle," whispered Hana, as she squeezed Taro's arm.

But the line of fairy lights bobbed on past the castle. Soon they halted in front of a big gate which stood open. On each side of the gate were huge paper lanterns with flickering candles inside, and the black Kawamura crests seemed blacker than on the other lanterns.

The children looked through the gate and saw a big, low house at the end of a winding walk. Light streamed from the entrance of the house over the walk.

"The coolies pulling the cart wore blue cotton coats with the crest stenciled in white in the center of the back"

Servants were at the gate, at the entrance, and everywhere, it seemed to the children. Everybody was bowing and saying words that sounded strange.

Taro and Hana walked to the stone at the edge of the hall veranda and sat down to take off their shoes, for they knew by this time that it must be done. They felt very strange, but when Toki shyly took Hana's hand and led her into the room it made every one feel easy and free.

Dear little Grandmother was so glad to see them that tears glistened in her eyes. She had been so afraid she would not live to see her daughter and the two American-born grandchildren. But they had come and now she was happy.

For days and days the Kawamura family had thought of nothing except the coming of the young mistress and her children. The favorite dainties of Japanese children had been prepared—sweet corn dumplings with sweetened bean icing, brightly colored barley candies, and several kinds of rice cookies and bean cakes.

Yukio and Toki were fascinated by their cousins. Shyly they watched every movement and laughed at everything Taro and Hana said. It was their joy to show the little visitors the great basket of toys which Grandmother had made ready for their coming. There

were dolls that would bow and nod their heads, balls of silk thread, storks that seemed lifelike as they stood with one foot tucked under a wing, and many others. The one Taro liked best of all was a boat that would sail when Yukio wound it up. Hana thought the sweetest one a little baby doll lying on its "tummy" on a silk cushion.

At the evening dinner Yukio sat next to Taro and showed him how to hold the chop-sticks. Taro, being his mother's eldest son and heir, sat in the place of honor next to his grandmother. Mrs. Yada, Hana, and Tokio were directly opposite.

It was a big party. Several relatives had come in to join the feast of welcome. Before dinner was over everybody was talking, joking, and laughing in the most informal way. Mrs. Yada had a busy time explaining all that was said in Japanese to her two children, and all that they said to the relatives.

At last the meal ended, and then the silken sliding doors parted and there in the next room sat a row of beautiful young ladies.

"What pretty, pretty dresses! Are we going to have a play?" whispered Hana.

"They are relatives and have come to entertain us, dear," said her mother.

Each young lady sat before a musical instrument.

"It looks like an ironing-board," whispered Taro. Of course gentle Mrs. Yada was embarrassed to hear her son call the ancient *Koto,* or Japanese harp, an ironing-board. She was thankful that her mother had not understood his remark. Just then the music began, so she did not have time to explain that a *Koto* is a musical instrument with thirteen strings stretched across a board.

Hana and Taro thought it the strangest music they had ever heard. It sounded like the orchestra at home tuning their instruments.

When the program was over Mrs. Yada said, "Come, children. It is long past your bedtime."

The soft, silk comforts had already been spread on the clean white mats in their room. They begged for their favorite toys right by their beds, so their mother placed the boat at the head of Taro's comfort, and she put the little doll beside Hana. Then she turned out the electric light and went to her room.

In the middle of the night there was a trembling, creaking, and shaking. Hana and Taro woke and thought they were on the ship again in a storm.

Their mother and her maid ran into the room as fast as they could.

"Lie flat, children!" they heard their mother say.

Then she and the maid lifted a table over the head of each child. "Don't get up or you will bump your head —it is only an earthquake. See, it is over already." And she lifted the tables off again in a minute or two.

The lights were on and Grandmother was standing in the door, holding up her trailing night-dress in one hand.

"Are my precious darlings safe?" she asked. "Don't be frightened," she said as she saw the scared little faces. "Mother put the tables over you to catch any plaster that might fall. Our earthquakes are not often bad. Go to sleep quickly."

And they did.

Early the next morning a loud rattling and banging awakened the children. "Oh! it must be another earthquake," they thought, ducking under the covers.

But the room was not swaying at all, so in a minute Taro put his head out and looked around. Then he laughed. "It is only Ji-ya opening the shutters," he said.

In a Japanese house wooden rain-shutters—*amado* —are run along the outer edge of the veranda at night; every morning they are pushed back into a cupboard at the end of the veranda. They make a great noise as they roll along the grooves, and bump into their closet.

It was a clear, beautiful sky that smiled down into the room. Hana went to the veranda to look out.

"Brother, come quick! Here is a mountain with a chimney!" Hana cried:

"Don't be silly," said Taro, as he went on dressing. Mrs. Yada had heard Hana and she came out.

"What is it, dear?"

"That," said Hana, pointing toward the east, where a huge volume of smoke poured from the top of a purplish brown mountain.

"That is Asama Yama, dear. It is called a volcano."

"What makes the smoke, Mother?"

"There is fire way down underneath and so gases are forming all the time. Sometimes ashes and boulders come out with the smoke. Tonight we will watch and perhaps we can see the glow of the fire on the smoke."

Taro had come out and stood with them watching the fleecy white vapor clouds sail around the side of the cone, sometimes hid by the smoke as it curled downward. The sun lighted the mountain-top and made it a wonderful sight.

"Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Hana.

"Every one says that who sees our mountains," said Mrs. Yada. "We often have earthquakes when Asama Yama is most active," she continued. "Perhaps that

was the cause of the one last night. We must go in now, or we shall be late for breakfast."

The children were always glad to hear a meal announced, for they thought it great fun to eat with chopsticks. Besides, they had already commenced to learn the Japanese names of things, and every meal, so far, had contained new dishes. They felt that they had much to learn.

IV

One morning Grandmother Kawamura said to Ji-ya, "Get out the *o-hina-sama* today. Since this is Hana-ko's first *o-hina matsuri*, we must have a fine display."

"Your honorable wish is my pleasure," said Ji-ya as he touched his head to the floor.

Mrs. Yada was showing Taro how to sail his boat on the garden pond when they saw Ji-ya coming along a passage at the rear of the house.

"Come and watch my boat, Ji-ya; it sails like anything!" called Taro.

"I can't come now, Bo-chama. I must go to the *o-kura*."

"He is going to the storeroom to get the dolls for the doll festival. All of Grandmother's treasures are kept in the *o-kura*; it is an interesting place," said Mrs. Yada.

"Oh, do let's go, too!" cried Taro, as he drew his boat to the edge of the water.

The *o-kura*, or fireproof storeroom, was a tall white building with very thick mud walls. The edges and roof were black, which made it very pretty. Ji-ya swung the heavy door back. "See how thick it is," he said.

"*Honto*," said Taro, using one of his new words. Ji-ya grinned happily. (*Honto* means "True indeed!")

Taro looked around the large, dim room. Shelves reached from floor to ceiling. They were full of white wooden boxes of all sizes. Several chests of drawers stood along one side.

Taro spied a suit of armor standing in one corner. "Oh, Mother, what is that?" he cried.

"Your grandfather wore it in a big battle," was the quiet reply. "It was many years ago—before I was born."

"Tell me about it," Taro begged.

"When we go back to the house I will tell you, and I will show you a picture of the battle in a book of Grandmother's."

Ji-ya had put aside dozens of the smooth, white boxes. "I must carry these in," he said.

"I will help you," said Taro.

"Thank you, Bo-chama; you may be the second steward."

Hana was permitted to help with the preparations for her doll festival, and she had never felt so important before in her life.

First a tier of five steps was set up in the guest-room. Then the dolls and their furnishings, which Ji-ya and Taro had brought in from the storeroom, were arranged in correct order on the steps.

At the top were two beautiful gold-lacquer screens. Mrs. Yada placed two dolls, a half-foot high, and dressed in splendid silk robes, in front of the screens.

"That is the Royal Couple," she said. "Grandmother brought these very dolls with her when she came a bride to Grandfather's family."

"Did Grandmother ever play with them?" asked Hana.

"Oh, no, dear! These *o-hina-sama* are too sacred to play with. They are kept in the *o-kura* except for the festival."

On the step below were three ladies-in-waiting in white robes with trailing scarlet skirts. The third step held doll musicians and doll sentinels bearing bows and arrows. In square boxes a cherry-tree stood on one side and an orange on the other.

There were other dolls below these. There were

tiny doll-chests and trays, and other furnishings to make the dolls happy.

"Grandmother, may I place my American dolls with the *o-hina-sama*?"

This request pleased Grandmother very much. So Hana brought her two large American dolls and set them on each side of the steps at the bottom. Their round eyes were turned up to Hana as if asking, "What is all this fuss about, anyway?"

The next day, which was the second of March, and the day before the festival, Taro and Hana went with Ji-ya to the bamboo grove at the edge of the estate.

"I think we can find some tiny shoots for the *o-jo-sama's* feast tomorrow," said Ji-ya.

"What! Eat bamboo?" exclaimed Taro.

"Certainly; bamboo-shoots are the daintiest dish one could have."

Taro walked soberly by Ji-ya's side. He had the greatest confidence in Ji-ya's word, but he wondered how one could eat such a hard thing as bamboo.

The grove had been the pride of the Kawamura family for more than three hundred years. The tall, feathery-topped bamboo-trees had furnished them with many useful articles. Every year news shoots had come up, and the old ones had been cut and made into fences,

bucket-hoops, dippers, flower vases, baskets, water-pipes, rakes, and ever so many other articles.

When the shoots just peep up from the ground they are tender and delicious. At that time they look like asparagus-tips.

The morning of the third of March everybody was astir early. Hana thought that Christmas must have come again. She knew it could not be time yet for another Christmas, for she had just celebrated that holiday with her father a short time before leaving for Japan.

Hana went into the kitchen to help cook the bamboo-shoots and to watch everything that was done for her feast. There were a few small clay stoves looking just like boxes, with charcoal glowing in the center. All kinds of good-smelling things were cooking on the charcoal stoves.

Hana helped cut up the tiny carrots, oyster-plants, lotus-roots, and potatoes.

"See the preserved cherry and chrysanthemum blossoms, Hana," said Grandmother, coming out with two little jars.

"Can we eat blossoms, Grandmother!" exclaimed Hana.

"We brew a tea from them. You will like the cherry tea, I think," she replied.

"Hana carried in the tiny tables"

When Mrs. Yada had dressed Hana in her best silk crêpe dress and her wonderful brocaded *obi*—sash—she went into the festival room and sat by her grandmother. The maid was arranging the pink and white cakes on the steps according to Grandmother's directions.

"You are the hostess, Hana-ko. Are you going to invite Grandmother to your party?" she asked, stroking Hana's glossy black braid.

Hana clapped her hands for joy. "Of course, Grandmother; you and Mother, and Toki, and everybody!" she said.

When all the guests had come and were seated in the guest-room, Hana carried in the tiny tables. Her little cousins and her aunts and others watched her with smiling eyes as she served the feast. How happy they were to be together for the *o-hina-matsuri*!

Everybody brought a present, but she liked the set of tiny fitted boxes from Yukio and Toki best of all. Again Hana thought that Christmas must have returned out of season. She went up to her mother and said softly, "Mother Sama, is this Japanese Christmas?"

"No, dear, not Christmas; just a happy time when little girls can practise housekeeping."

After Hana had served the refreshments and carried

out the little tables, the flower tea was served. The cherry petal floating in the cup was a dainty sight, and, besides, Hana thought the tea was delicious.

Hana touched softly the cherry petals on Toki's pretty crêpe dress. "This is the most beautiful dress I ever saw," she said.

While the grown-ups talked together, the girls played bean-bags and other quiet games.

Outside Ji-ya played with Yukio and Taro. He showed them how to wrestle and fence and shoot with the bow and arrow.

At the close of the day the guests all went home, and Taro and Hana agreed that it was the happiest day in all their lives. "Everything is just like a fairy story, isn't it?" they said.

They went and thanked Grandmother for the festival. Tears stood in her eyes, as she replied, "I wish I could have you with me always."

"We do, too, if Father could come," they said.

V

Taro was sitting on the *tatami*—straw mats covering the floor—leaning against a low desk. He was looking at a picture-book which his Uncle Fumio had brought from Tokyo when he had come up for his brief spring vacation.

Hana and her mother were on the veranda looking at the pink cherry petals falling all over the stone lanterns and the cobble paths. The branches of an aged cherry-tree hung over the bamboo fence which separated the vegetable garden from the front garden. It had been a mass of pink blossoms yesterday, but the wind had spread its beautiful petals like a soft carpet over the ground.

"They look like tiny butterflies!" cried Hana, as a few petals fluttered down at her feet.

"Let us make a garland of them and take it to little

Buddha today when we go to the temple," suggested Mrs. Yada.

"Who is Buddha, Mother?" asked Hana. And Taro just then put down his book and came out on the veranda.

"Buddha was a good man born away off in India long, long ago—more than two thousand years ago. He tried to show his countrymen how to be good. Today is his birthday, and many people celebrate Buddha's birthday on April eighth as we do Christmas on December twenty-fifth," Mrs. Yada explained. "Come," said she, "I will show you how to make cherry garlands."

"Oh, what fun!" exclaimed Hana. "Will Grandmother have cherry pies?"

"Cherry-trees are not cultivated in Japan for their fruit, but for their blossoms," her mother replied. "Let's thread this bamboo needle with this long piece of hemp—so."

Taro gathered petals from the top of the lanterns and other places where they had lodged. He brought several handfuls and piled them lightly on the veranda for Hana and his mother to string. There were so many pretty petals that they made several chains.

Early in the afternoon the whole family started off for the temple. It was a beautiful day, so Grand-

mother said she would walk; for with the help of Taro and her knotted bamboo cane she could manage very well. Mrs. Yada's eyes filled with happy tears as she saw her mother leaning on the arm of her manly little son.

Grandmother's short silver hair was combed smoothly back and tied with a purple cord at the neck. Her long black silk coat almost covered her gray crêpe dress, and a black and gray scarf was knotted loosely about her shoulders.

Hana skipped along the narrow crooked streets, peering through the hedges into the vegetable gardens at the side of each low-eaved house. Here and there cherry-trees peeped over the fences. And one time a soft breeze brought a pink cherry petal to rest upon her upturned face.

"O-oh, look!" she cried, as she balanced the soft petal on her little nose.

The temple nestled at the foot of a low hill. Between the village and the hill were small vegetable gardens and rice fields and masses of yellow blossoms.

"What are those yellow flowers?" asked Taro.

"That is rape," explained his mother, "and the farmers will make an excellent oil from the rape seeds. They use the oil for the hair and for many other pur-

poses. After the rape is gone the ground will be used for carrots, egg-plant, and beans."

They could see the large sloping thatched roof of the main building as they walked slowly across the fields. The new rice plants and the tender green wheat were growing on each side of the path, and there was not a fence around any of the little gardens. Only the farm houses themselves had hedges and fences.

"Why are all those little patches of rice sunk so low with cunning ridges all around them?" Taro wanted to know.

"Rice fields are made that way so that they can be flooded," said his mother. "Do you see the canal at the edge of the fields? The water from it is let in upon the fields and left to cover the rice for some days; then it is drained off and the little dikes keep it out."

"It is lots of trouble to grow rice, isn't it?" asked Taro.

"Yes, dear; the work is hard, and some of it unpleasant. The farmers must wade out in the deep mud and set out the plants one at a time in straight rows across the little fields."

"Oh, how horrid!" cried Hana. And Mrs. Yada laughed at her puckered forehead.

In front of the temple compound was a flight of stone steps. At the top of the steps the party came into

a wide yard, and there were many people coming and going. Hana felt rather shy when every one looked at her American dress, but Taro marched along bravely, pretending not to notice.

Several people had sections of bamboo stalks cut in the shape of buckets.

"What are those for?" asked Hana.

"They are for sweet tea. Come, we will get some, too," said her mother.

Then they went over to a little thatch-covered booth housing a tiny bronze figure no bigger than Hana's smallest doll. The figure stood on a bronze lotus in the center of a stone basin. All around the wee image was licorice water with bamboo dippers floating upon its surface.

Many gay people stood around the booth. Children would hold up their little bamboo buckets for the priests to fill with licorice water. Then with tiny wooden dippers they would pour it over the little bronze image which they called Baby Buddha.

When Mrs. Kawamura and her family came up to the booth the priests greeted them with low bows. "Are these your grandchildren from America?" asked one. And with a kind smile he presented them with buckets.

"This is where we leave our offerings," said Mrs.

Yada, as she hung the cherry garlands upon the posts supporting the roofs.

"Why do we pour this sweet tea over Baby Buddha?" asked Taro.

"It is a custom of remembering Buddha's birthday," said his mother. "This day is to Japanese children just like Christmas is to American children."

A priest came to conduct them into a large room in the main building. The head priest and several minor priests live there all the time, and the floors are covered with mats just like any Japanese house.

The shoes were left in a row on the steps in front of the building, Hana and Taro's American shoes by the side of the wooden clogs of the others. Grandmother went in first and sat down on the mats, then the others followed. The white-haired priest sat and talked quietly with them for a few minutes. "He has a crystal necklace on his wrist," thought Hana as she noticed the crystal rosary gleaming whenever he moved his hands. Soon they were asked to go into the chapel of the temple. The most interesting thing in this room was the high altar. Lighted candles and lanterns cast a glow over the figures sitting on their lotus stands, and the gilded ornaments glittered in the soft light.

Incense was burning before the altar and its fragrant smoke rose toward the ceiling. Grandmother

and her family sat at one side of the room, then some priests in rich brocade robes came in slowly and sat down in the center.

There was a moment's silence, then the priests began a weird chant in a high minor key. Suddenly the chanting stopped and others beat on drums and gongs while still others played upon flutes. Then the chant was resumed and so the long service went on. It was not connected with Buddha's birthday, but was a service in commemoration of the Kawamura ancestors, and was held at the request of Grandmother Kawamura.

At the close, after sitting so long in the Japanese manner, Hana and Taro found their feet numb. Their mother and the maid had to help them to rise, but in a few moments they were able to run out into the sunshine.

Then they all went to the family cemetery at the edge of the temple compound.

"I will show you how to make a water offering," said Mrs. Kawamura as she poured some water over the odd-shaped tombstone. The children held the bamboo dipper very carefully as they poured water slowly over their grandfather's grave, and they bowed low as they had seen their grandmother and mother do.

On the way out they passed the Baby Buddha booth.

"See what a pretty curtain our garlands make for Buddha!" said Hana.

"Why do all the images stand on lotus blossoms?" asked Taro.

And Mrs. Yada told him this story of Buddha as they walked home through the green fields.

THE GOLDEN LOTUS

Buddha was the son of a powerful king in India. His father loved him tenderly and gave him everything that riches could buy. But the young prince was not satisfied simply with pretty things and brilliant court life. He thought a great deal about the poor people and their children.

Buddha wanted to learn how to make them happy. At last he left his father's palace and went up to the very top of a high mountain, the highest in the world, where a wise monk lived.

The prince asked the monk to take him as a pupil. The good man agreed and taught the prince many useful things. The king's son had to work hard from morning until night, because no one who is lazy can make others happy.

He learned to recite many holy scriptures. One winter day, when all the world was shining like silver with white snow, he was on the way to gather some

wild berries for their daily food. He was wondering how to find the berries under the snow when he heard a strange voice in the distance.

He listened. It was the holy text which he had tried to learn. "Who can be here who knows those words?" the prince wondered. Again the voice rose and recited a second precious text. The prince was delighted, and leaned over the edge of the rock-cliff on which he was standing, to see who the wise man might be.

Down in the valley below lay a hideous dragon looking up at him with hungry eyes. The young man was not afraid, though, and he said, "Won't you please say another text?"

"I cannot say any more unless you give yourself to satisfy my hunger," was the reply.

"I give my body to gain wisdom," said the prince. And he jumped straight at the monster's wide-open mouth. Just as he touched the dragon it changed into a lotus flower. So that is why all Buddhist deities sit upon lotus blossoms.

THE BOY'S FESTIVAL

VI

It was the fourth of May. Taro, chattering like a magpie, was swinging along by Ji-ya's side on the way to the bamboo grove. He and Ji-ya had become the warmest friends.

Ji-ya took especial pride in the fact that the honorable Mistress had entrusted the care of her two grandchildren largely to him. What fun they had together in his workshop, in the fields, in the garden; and down at the river-bed where they went to dig for tiny clams!

"We must hunt out bamboo-trees which are three years old, for they are the strongest," said Ji-ya. "Everything for the young master's festival must teach him how to be strong."

Taro thought that was queer, but he said nothing.

After cutting two fine, tall trees and trimming off the twigs, Ji-ya took them to the house. Then he went

to the storehouse and got out three gorgeous paper fish. Mrs. Yada brought out two brand-new ones which Taro's grandmother and aunt had given him. They were black, with gold-lined scales and splashes of scarlet. They glittered in the sunlight.

Ji-ya tied them all securely to the tops of the poles with strong hemp cords; then he set the poles firmly in two holes which he had dug in front of the veranda.

"Oh! Look, look!" cried Taro.

And no wonder he was excited, for just then a May breeze filled out the five hollow fish, and they seemed to become alive. Their wide open mouths swallowed the air and they swelled, and tugged at the hemp cords as they swam out full-length from the poles.

Then Ji-ya went to the storehouse and got two big boxes of dolls and decorations for the Boys' Festival. The fifth day of the fifth month is the happiest day of all the year for little Japanese boys. It is their own festival day. And they receive just as much attention then as the girls do on the third day of the third month.

Since this was Taro's first Boys' Festival in Japan every one wished to make it an especially happy one. Only the day before a box of suitable toys had come from his father's family in Kyoto.

All of the dolls belonging to Uncle Fumio were brought out and displayed with the ones Taro had re-

"A May breeze filled out the five hollow fish, and they seemed to become alive"

ceived from his relatives. They were placed in the raised alcove at the side of the room called the *toko-noma,* which means place-of-honor.

A gray pine-board screen formed the background. It was draped with a black-and-white curtain bearing the family crest. A miniature copy of an ancient general's camp was built in front of the screen. There was an armor box, on each side of which banners were placed. There was a helmet box; and a sword stood on a carved rack. There were many hero dolls in ancient costumes standing around.

Mrs. Yada told Taro interesting stories about all the heroes. Taro liked most of them, but Hana thought the stories about George Washington more interesting.

Grandmother was most particular about the Boys' Festival, for she thought the most important thing was that boys should be taught to be strong and brave to work for their Emperor and their country. So she was happy to have a boy in the house for whom to celebrate the festival. Since her only son had grown up and gone away to Tokyo to the university she had felt lonely at the time of the festival.

The next morning Taro woke very early and ran to look out at his fish. There they fluttered at the top of the tall bamboo just as gaily as if they knew it was the

fifth of May. And he saw many other fish fluttering from poles all over the village as far as he could see.

"Oh, what fun!" he cried, and he hurried to the bath-room to dress as fast as he could. He did not like to miss a minute of his own festival day. But Ji-ya insisted that he take the proper sweet-flag bath to bring him good luck.

"We are going to have sweet dumplings wrapped in oak-leaves," said Grandmother, coming out of the kitchen with a blue plate full of queer-looking greenish brown things.

"But, Grandmother, the oak leaves are still so small!" said practical Taro.

"We preserved the leaves in salt last year. See how fine they are," she explained. And she placed the plate on a low lacquered table near the *tokonoma*.

"Oh, my!" was all Taro could say.

Hana followed her grandmother. She had a garland of sweet-flag leaves in her hair.

"Look at the Greek goddess!" shouted Taro.

"Don't be silly, Brother. Grandmother said this was the festival of the *shobu* because *shobu* leaves are the strongest of flower leaves. She gave me these."

Shobu is the sweet-flag.

"Everything for this festival is the *strongest*," laughed Taro. "I am already tired of hearing it.

Ji-ya said that is why bamboo poles must be used; and the carp, because it never turns back from a *strong* current. And Grandmother wraps the dumplings in *strong* oak leaves."

The children looked at each other and laughed.

"It is a good game, anyway," said Hana, and she ran out with Taro to find Ji-ya.

They found him at the rear of the storehouse in his workshop. He was twisting a bunch of *shobu* leaves together.

"What are you making, Ji-ya?" asked Taro.

"This is a fencing club."

"A fencing club!" exclaimed both children, much interested.

"Yes, I am making one for each boy who comes to Bo-chama's festival today." Then he told them how on May fifth the young men had tournaments and archery contests at the castle in Grandfather Kawamura's day. "And I was your grandfather's sandal carrier," he said proudly. "I always decorated his charcoal-black steed with the richest brocade, and my master was the handsomest young man at the castle," Ji-ya finished, as he looked off at the white wall of the ancient castle where the exciting riding tournaments took place in the old days.

It seemed to Taro like a fairy tale; but he could

not see how his grandfather could have been in a real fairy tale.

"I think you and Grandfather must have had great fun," he said.

Just then Mrs. Yada called from the veranda, "Come, Taro, and put on the new clothes Grandmother has made for your party."

Then Taro went and put on the beautiful black silk kimono with the Kawamura crests on the sleeves and the back. How tall he looked, and how grand he felt as he stepped into the stiff silk skirt belonging to the dress-up costume of a Japanese gentleman!

The festival dinner was fascinating to Taro and Hana because Mrs. Yada told some interesting story about each dish, but they could not eat much. They thought the things were more pleasing to hear about than to taste. The dumplings were not sweet enough, and the unpolished rice was not as delicate as the snowy rice they had on ordinary days.

After the dinner was over Ji-ya led Taro and his boy guests into the garden, where they played games all afternoon. He showed them how to wrestle, and how to fence with the chubby *shobu* clubs. Hana sat by her grandmother and wished Japanese girls could play with boys; she thought their games more amusing than the checkers her grandmother was trying to teach her.

Presently Grandmother put away the checker-board and got out her scrap-basket. Hana liked to pick over the pretty, bright bits of silk. She helped make some odd little figures of the scraps. One was a tiny dog made of white and black crêpe; another was a monkey with a brown crêpe body and a red silk face; and another, which Hana thought the prettiest of all, was a tiny pheasant with its plumage of many bright colors.

"Will you make some cherry blossoms, too?" Hana asked.

"Not today, Hana-ko," her grandmother said. "Cherry blossoms do not belong to the Boys' Festival. The dog, the monkey, and the pheasant remind little boys of a brave youth of long ago, so that is why we made them today. Would you like to hear the story about them?"

"Oh, please!" said Hana, as she bowed her little black head. "May I hold them while you talk?"

"Yes, dear, keep them for Taro."

MOMOTARO, THE PEACH BOY

Long, long ago there lived in Japan an old woodcutter and his wife. They had a hard time to make a living, for they had no child to help them.

One day this old man went to the mountain to gather some dry sticks, and his wife went to the river to wash.

As she was washing her kimono she found an immense red peach in the river. She took it home and put it in a cupboard.

When the old man returned from his day's work, his wife brought out the peach. Her husband's eyes opened wide.

"Where did you buy such a beautiful peach?" he asked.

"I found it," she said. "Cut it open and we will have a feast."

The old man got a knife and was about to cut into the peach when a voice from the inside of it startled him so much that he dropped both knife and fruit. When the peach struck the floor it burst open, and out hopped a little boy.

The couple stared at the child, too much frightened to say a single word.

"The gods have heard your prayer for a child and sent me to you," piped out a sweet childish voice.

Tears of gratitude sprang to the eyes of the old people.

"We will call you *Momotaro*—Son-of-Peach," said the old man.

They brought up Momotaro as their own son, and he was always faithful and obedient to them. When he was fifteen years old he came to them and said, "May

I go on an expedition against the evil ones who live on Demon Island?"

The old woman wrung her hands.

"You will be killed," she wailed. "You are only a boy."

"Foolish woman, do not make our son weak. The gods will defend him," said the old man.

Finally the youth started upon the adventure, with promises to be careful, and to return at the first moment possible. "I will set the captives free and bring you many precious things," he said as he bowed farewell.

At noon he sat down by the road to eat one of the millet dumplings which the old woman had made for him. A dog came up and hungrily watched the dumpling disappearing. "Bow-wow!" he barked.

"Very well," said Momotaro, and gave the dog half of a dumpling. Then they hurried on together.

As they entered a forest a monkey sprang down in front of them from a tree.

"May I join your expedition, Momotaro?" he asked.

At this the dog growled.

"Must you be like every other dog, ready to fight the minute you see a monkey?" exclaimed Momotaro. "Quiet! I need the monkey also."

You see, the youth was able to talk the language of animals and birds, so the three talked together as they

started off. But the two animals were so quarrelsome that Momotaro decided to separate them. He gave his banner to the monkey and told him to lead the way. He ordered the dog to bring up the rear with his sword. He himself walked in the middle, carrying his fan, like any gentleman.

They had left the dense forest behind and were crossing a broad field. Suddenly a flicker of green, red, and purple flashed before the party as a beautiful pheasant flew up from the tall grass and lighted in the path by Momotaro's side.

The dog jumped at it. But Momotaro called out, "Be quiet! I have need of this very bird."

After the bird had been enrolled the little band once more started on. Soon they came to the sea. There lay the Demon Island in the distance; but the waves were high and there was no way of crossing them.

"We shall be drowned!" wailed the animals.

"Calm your fears. Help me repair this old boat," said Momotaro, as he pointed to an old junk lying far up on the beach.

They all set to work with a will, and soon the boat was ready, and they started out in it for the island.

When they were near enough to the shore, the pheasant flew over to the land and demanded in the name of

his master that every demon surrender, open the gates of the fortress, and give up their unfortunate prisoners.

The demons looked up at the beautiful pheasant sitting on the top of their highest roof, and laughed at the idea of a bird giving orders to them.

"Did you hear the joke?" one of them asked of the others, and he waved his hand at the messenger.

"You will soon see whether it is a joke!" shouted the angry bird.

Just then there was a thunderous sound and Momotaro charged through the gates and smote the demons with all his might. They were so confused that they struck at their own men instead of at their strange foes.

At last every demon was conquered and Momotaro went around and freed all the captives and collected treasure to take back to his kind foster parents.

He heaped the rolls of silk, the coral, amber, gold and silver in a cart, and then, with the help of his three assistants, took it back to his home.

When he came in sight of the house, his parents ran to meet him and turned him around and around to see whether he had received any injury. They were so happy to see their peach-son safe that they hardly looked at the treasures he had brought them.

"How fortunate we are to have such a brave son!" they said.

Hana sighed as the story ended.

"I must tell Taro about Momotaro when I give him these pretty things," she said.

"Here it is in a book. We can learn to read it," said her mother.

A VISIT TO MULBERRY VILLAGE

VII

Kin, Mrs. Yada's faithful old nurse, had longed for the coming of her young mistress and her children almost as fervently as had Grandmother Kawamura herself.

From Mrs. Yada's babyhood until she had departed for America, Kin had been her nurse and daily companion. Kin had carried the baby Nobu—that was Mrs. Yada's name— on her back until she was large enough to walk; then she had watched her toddle about on unsteady legs taking her first steps. Kin had played with her and sat at school with her so that she would not be afraid of the strange teacher. She had helped her to dress; she had mended her white *tabi* and washed her beautiful crêpe underdresses.

When Nobu had grown up into a pretty young lady and her marriage had been arranged by her parents,

Kin's heart was full of joy—her darling Nobu was to have a home of her own.

Then one day Kin learned that Mr. Yada was intending to take his bride far away across the ocean to a strange land with strange ways—to America—and her heart was almost broken. "I will go with my dear little mistress," Kin determined in her mind. But when she asked Nobu's mother to beg Mr. Yada to let her go with them, he would not consent.

"The customs of Japan and America are different," he said. "My wife will need a maid familiar with American ways."

Kin—and Nobu, too,—thought this very strange; but they accepted it in the dutiful way of Japanese women. That was more than ten years ago. And now for the first time Mrs. Yada had come back. When Kin saw her young mistress step out of the jinrikisha the night of her arrival her heart almost burst with joy.

"The young mistress has come! And her beautiful children!" she had whispered to herself. Since then her single desire had been to have Mrs. Yada and the children come to her tiny home.

Kin and her husband lived on the other side of the hill in a village called Kuwa—that is, Mulberry Vil-

lage—so called because nearly every family there had silkworms which they fed on mulberry leaves.

From the day of Mrs. Yada's arrival Kin and her husband had worked hard putting their little place in order. They had mended their thatched roof, and the brush fence around their yard, and had patched the holes in their paper doors. Kin had rooted out with a little knife every blade of grass that had pushed up between the stones in their garden paths.

She had heard that Taro and Hana liked chicken and eggs, so she visited her little chicken-coop several times a day watching for eggs. Perhaps she thought that her few hens would lay an extra egg a day in honor of the expected guests!

Since Kin and her old husband had talked of nothing else for several days except the visit of the young mistress and her children, every man, woman, and child in the village had heard about them.

And every one knew about the chickens and eggs. One day a shy little girl came to Kin with five eggs in a pretty square of cloth and said she wished to give them to the little children from America. Of course Kin was delighted.

The same day some young boys of the village set off for the lake nearby, and when they returned at dusk they brought a little bamboo basket full of fish to Kin,

saying, "Please give these to your guests who are coming tomorrow. We caught them especially for them."

In fact, every villager was trying to think of something to do for the visitors who were expected the very next day. Perhaps Mulberry Village had never before had such an exciting time in its history.

The preceding week had been a very busy one, for in addition to the ordinary work the women had cleaned the houses, mended the fences, and swept the paths; and then they had talked and talked about the strange customs of the country called America. Every piece of news Kin had brought from the mansion had been passed along the whole line of cottages.

"You know," one woman at the village well announced, "Kin says that Hana Sama has long *tabi* that reach above her knees, and she has leather shoes that squeeze her feet just like this," putting her hands together.

"How awful!" the women all said.

"And she wears a straw hat on her head that has a flower-garden on top!"

"I hope she wears it over here," they said.

It is no wonder that the whole village was watching when the visitors finally came in sight.

Hana and Taro were happy and excited, too; not because they were going to see their mother's old nurse,

but because they were going on a three-hour *jinrikisha* ride. Nothing could be greater fun than that, they thought.

The jinrikisha men came long before the hour for starting, and watched with interested smiles the preparations for the journey.

"Now we are all ready," said Mrs. Yada, as she put a white straw hat with a wreath of flowers on Hana's glossy head. And the maid brought out the children's American shoes from the shoe-box under the veranda.

"Come, children, and say goodby to Grandmother," their mother said, "for we must start."

"You look like the children of Tokyo who wear foreign dress and have their pictures in the magazines," said Grandmother. "But you can be free and easy in that dress." And she touched Hana's short skirt.

"*Sayonara.* Don't be lonesome while we are away," they said, bowing low.

"*Sayonara.* Take care of yourselves. Come back soon," said Grandmother, as she bowed slightly.

This was the first time for several weeks that Hana and Taro had worn American dress, for it is more convenient to wear Japanese clothing in a Japanese house; and Mrs. Yada had put away the American things and let the children wear the pretty *kimono, tabi, geta,* and *zori* which their grandmother had given them. But

knowing how pleased Kin would be to have the children wear their American clothes to her house, Mrs. Yada had got them out again.

The children were delighted, for they could play so much better in the short skirt and knee pants than in the long narrow skirts of their Japanese *kimonos*.

Ji-ya and the jinrikisha men took the lunch-baskets out to the jinrikishas; then Hana and Taro got into one and their mother rode in another. The Kawamura servants stood in a line to watch them start.

"*Sayonara.* Take care of yourselves. Come back soon," said the long line, as they bowed low.

"*Sayonara!*" the children waved back, and Mrs. Yada smiled and inclined her head.

It was a beautiful bright June morning. As the jinrikisha men trotted along through the village streets all the people came and watched the strangely dressed children, and many of them bowed and smiled. Some of them said, "You have honorably fair weather for your journey."

Sometimes Hana and Taro would wave at the children. The children would grin delightedly and bow, but most of them were too shy to wave back.

Now the town was left behind; even the castle had disappeared from view. They were in the country.

Young beans, egg-plant, carrots, and radishes were growing right at the side of the narrow road.

The most interesting sight was the rice planters. Young men and young women, knee-deep in mud, were leaning over the straight rows of rice plants.

"Let us down," said Mrs. Yada to her jinrikisha man. "We will walk a while and let you rest."

As they walked slowly through the rice fields she told the children of the customs and legends of rice planting.

"See," said she, "the young women all have new sedge hats; they are wide because the sun is hot in the middle of the day. And the men all have new towels around their heads."

"What are they singing?" asked Taro.

"Oh, that is a rice planters' chant. They think it will insure good big rice grains. Listen—this is what they say." And she sang it softly in English.

"Fruitful is the year!
Soon the stalks will bow with their heavy burdens;
Larger and still larger will their heads become.
Merrily will mingle the sound of the mortar and pestle
With the laughter of maiden and glad cackling of fowl."

After walking through the rice fields they followed the road up to the top of the hill. The men came behind, pulling the jinrikishas.

"We will stop here on the top, in this cool, beautiful spot, and eat our lunch," said Mrs. Yada.

The men took out the pretty bamboo lunch-baskets, and then they went off with sections of bamboo. Soon they came back with the bamboo full of cool spring water. Hana and Taro thought it such fun to have bamboo cups.

Mrs. Yada had opened the baskets and taken out the rice cakes and the bean dumplings and other good things. The children liked the snowy-white rice balls with salted plums inside best of all.

After lunch the little party started on. At the foot of the hill were other farms. Soon they came to the Mulberry Village. Kin's husband, Hachiro, was waiting at the outskirts to escort them to his little cottage.

PRINCESS COCOON

VIII

Kin and Hachiro had prepared their best room for the guests. In that room stood the little family shrine where the ancestral spirits were honored. Even they had a share in welcoming Mrs. Yada, for when Kin lighted the wicks of the hanging saucer-lamps, their mellow light shone upon the family name-tablet standing in the center. Above was a gilded Buddha looking calmly down from his lotus throne. Just in front of the tablet were two small bowls ready for the first helping of rice from Kin's supper.

Kin, fluttering with excitement, led her guests into the quiet room. She chattered gaily and bowed profoundly again and again. As soon as they sat down on the pretty flowered cotton cushions, Kin brought in a little teapot and poured a tiny cup of tea for each one. The Japanese teacup has no handle and no saucer; it is handed to the guest on a wee tray, and the guest must

take it up in both hands and sip the tea daintily and slowly. Hachiro took a tray of tea to the jinrikisha men, who were resting in the kitchen.

Taro and Hana had noticed the lighted candles the first thing, and they asked about them. Mrs. Yada explained why they were lighted.

"Does Kin think of her ancestors all the time?" asked Taro.

"Yes, son; they are very real to her. Every Japanese, next to his Emperor, honors his ancestors."

Taro liked Kin's farmer husband very much, and soon he slipped out into the garden where Hachiro was taking down a bale of charcoal from a little shed. He followed Hachiro into the kitchen with the charcoal. Two bashful country girls were there, giggling and talking as fast as they could; but the minute they caught sight of Taro they became as silent as dolls.

They bowed stiffly as Hachiro said, "Our neighbors have come to help us get supper. We country folk help each other when we have city folk for company." And he smiled at Taro.

Hana heard them talking. Kin's house was small—quite different from her grandmother's rambling, big place—and whatever was said in one room was known all over the house. The sliding doors between the

rooms were only paper. The sounds from the busy kitchen made Hana curious to see the rest of the house.

"Let's go, too," she begged.

"May we go see your kitchen, Kin?" Mrs. Yada asked.

"Oh, yes—if you can squeeze in!" was the laughing reply. And at this the two girls went off into a fresh spell of giggling.

"We won't stay a minute," promised Mrs. Yada.

The neighbor girls bowed to Mrs. Yada and Hana; they closely watched every movement, but said nothing.

The kitchen was a queer room. One half of the floor was covered with boards; the other half, some inches lower, was only clay. At one side of the lower half, on long bamboo pegs, hung several spades, rakes, sickles, and hoes.

In one corner were several large bamboo baskets which Hana wanted to know about.

"Those are to hold mulberry leaves, O-Jo-sama."

"Mulberry leaves!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. For Princess Cocoon."

"Princess Cocoon!" was the puzzled reply.

Mrs. Yada explained that Princess Cocoon is the silkworm who gives the beautiful threads for silk dresses.

"They met several men and women carrying large baskets of green branches on their backs"

"Brother and I like mulberries. There is a big tree in our garden in Ohio," Hana told Hachiro.

"But Princess Cocoon does not eat berries; she eats only the leaves. That is why the mulberry growers keep the trees small. They gather the tender, juicy leaves, but they try to keep the berries from forming."

"Oh, how funny!" said Hana.

"Tomorrow we will go to see the silkworms, if Hachiro can spare the time to take us," said Mrs. Yada.

"Yes, indeed, we will go," said Hachiro. "Come out and see my leaves, little lady."

They went out to the small patch behind the cottage where low, broad mulberry-bushes grew in rows.

"See, these are all new leaves, and we give only the tenderest to the silkworms," explained Hachiro.

"Why are the bushes so little?" asked Taro.

"They are cut down every year to the stumps, so that the leaves will be tender."

Kin was surprised when she heard that the guests wished to see the silkworms. She thought city folk would not be interested in farm work, and she had been wondering what to do to entertain them. Now it would be easy; she was delighted.

Farmers rise very early, so the sun was not yet high when they started for the other end of the village. Hachiro had gone the evening before to ask permission

to bring his guests to see the silkworms. As they walked along the narrow, winding lane they met several men and women carrying large baskets of green branches on their backs.

Each person bowed and said, "You are welcome to our village." Taro liked the cordial country customs and said something to every one who greeted his mother, but Hana felt shy and kept close at her mother's side without saying a word.

"Why does each person say the same words?" asked Taro.

"It is just a custom," said Mrs. Yada, "as we say, 'How do you do' or 'Good-morning' when we meet our friends in America."

"Oh-h! I never thought of it that way," said Taro slowly. "I said the same thing, too. I think I said 'Good-morning' every time," laughed Taro.

"Yes, son; that is true," said his mother. "The habit is the same; but the words are different."

Some children waded in the brook at the side of the road while their mothers washed bamboo trays. They smiled at Mrs. Yada and the children.

When they arrived at their destination they received a warm welcome. Mrs. Yada put on fresh sandals and tied covers over the children's shoes. Then they went into a large room which was full of shelves from floor

to ceiling. Each shelf contained bamboo trays like the ones they had seen the women washing in the brook. But these were full of mulberry leaves.

There was a sound like gently falling rain. Hana turned first one way and then another to see what caused the noise.

"Hear the silkworms eating their breakfast!" laughed Mrs. Yada. And then Hana saw that the trays were covered with wriggling silvery silkworms busily chewing mulberry leaves. She shuddered at the sight of so many ugly caterpillars.

"Would you like to help with the work?" asked Hachiro.

"Oh, yes, please!" both children exclaimed.

"Then come this way," said the farmer, and he led them to a room where there were several small wooden washtubs.

"We must wash our hands thoroughly before touching anything belonging to Princess Cocoon," explained their mother. "She is very dainty and particular. She is very sensitive to smells also."

Hana and Taro liked the animated scene—every one worked quickly but gently. They were taken first to a room piled high with bundles of mulberry branches.

"This is Princess Cocoon's kitchen," said Mrs. Yada.

Taro was shown how to strip off the leaves without

touching them; he carefully broke the tender stems and let the leaves fall into a tray underneath. Hana was allowed to chop the leaves on a broad wooden chopping-board. The shredded leaves were piled upon a shallow bamboo tray and carried every few minutes to the baby worms; the big worms were fed on whole leaves.

"Come, Hana Sama, and feed Princess Cocoon," the farmer said.

Hana went with him, but she thought Princess Cocoon only ugly caterpillars, although she noticed that every one paid them the greatest respect and always called them Princess Cocoon. They had whitish bodies with brown rings and numerous stumpy legs. When they opened their enormous mouths to eat, Hana thought them quite ugly and wondered why they should receive so much respect. But she was too shy to ask questions.

Now the farmer took them into another room full of trays.

"Look at the white peanuts!" exclaimed Hana.

"Those are cocoons, Hana. Come nearer and see them."

Hana looked at the glistening, white, peanut-shaped objects hanging on rice-straws. "You see, Hana, the straws were bent, and then the silkworms climbed up

and made themselves silk covers. From their own mouths they spun out fine soft threads, and swaying back and forth they wound them around and around their bodies in thousands of coils until they had made a snug nest in which to sleep."

"Will they come out again?" asked Taro.

"Only those come out that are saved for laying eggs, and they will not be caterpillars then, but pretty white moths. Most of them give their lives that the glistening threads may be unwound from their cocoons. That is how we can have silk dresses."

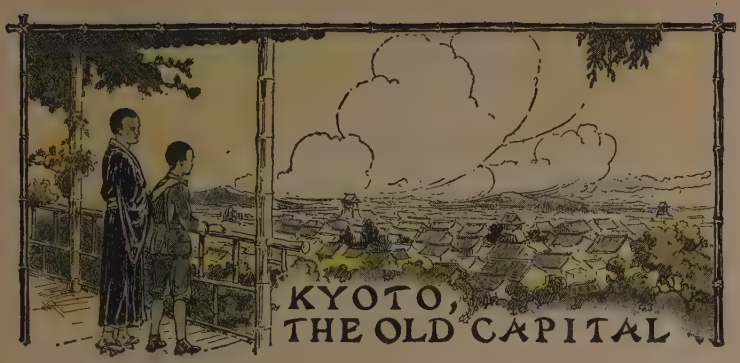
Then they went into another room, where they saw pans of hot water with cocoons floating around on top of the water. Young women were picking the cocoons up one at a time and reeling the fine silk thread from them onto frames. Their fingers flew fast, but they always used the gentlest touch.

"It takes lots of work and patience to make one silk dress," said Mrs. Yada.

"Every one is so careful in all the work," added Hana.

"But isn't the beautiful silk worth it?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes!" said Hana.



KYOTO, THE OLD CAPITAL

IX

The Imperial University closed for summer vacation the last week in July. Uncle Fumio had arranged to meet his sister and her children in Kyoto at that time and show them the old capital city. Kyoto is very warm then, but since Uncle Fumio had no other free time it could not be helped. Besides, there was another reason why they must do their visiting at once—Mrs. Yada and Hana were going back to America in September.

Mrs. Yada, Taro and Hana went down to Kyoto through the Japanese Alps. After leaving the beautiful mountains their train passed through the orange and tea-growing districts. Uncle Fumio went direct from Tokyo by the seacoast line, and was waiting on the platform when the others arrived.

Taro and Hana were kneeling upon the long seat,

looking out of the window, as the train puffed into the busy Kyoto station. Their mother was arranging their bags upon the seat.

"There he is!" shouted Taro, waving his hand excitedly.

"Uncle Fumio! Uncle Fumio!" cried Hana, clapping her hands in delight.

"Hello, Taro! Hello, Hana-ko!" Uncle Fumio responded, as he ran up to their window. He bowed to his sister. "You must be tired," said he.

Mrs. Yada passed their bags out of the window to a porter. A little brown-skinned man with "Miyako" on his cap came forward and took charge of everything.

"I thought it would be better for you to go to the foreign hotel, Sister," Uncle Fumio said. "There you can be free and comfortable."

"I think you are right," said Mrs. Yada. "The children do not know enough of our etiquette to make me feel at ease in any Japanese house except Mother's. But in an American-style house they know how to act, and it relieves me of all uneasiness."

"That was my idea, and I hope you will like your rooms," said Uncle Fumio, as he led them to hotel jinrikishas at the end of the station.

Uncle Fumio and his guests received a warm wel-

come at the hotel. The children were too tired and sleepy, for once, to ask questions, and they went to bed as soon as their supper was over.

"It is fine to have a bed to sleep in and a chair to sit on," Taro said to his mother.

"I think it's more fun to sit on the *tatami*," said Hana; "but I like my American dress better than the kimonos Grandmother gave me—even though they are more beautiful."

Taro and Uncle Fumio had a room together next to the one occupied by Hana and her mother. They woke very early the next morning.

"Can't we get up?" asked Taro.

"Yes, indeed," said his uncle; "and we will take a walk in the garden while your mother and sister are dressing."

The Miyako Hotel is built on the slope of a hill overlooking Kyoto. From its veranda Uncle Fumio and Taro looked out over the whole city. Gray tile roofs reached across the valley below them as far as they could see. It seemed to Taro that a tile sea lay before them, with here and there tall tower-like buildings rising above its surface.

"Where are the streets?" asked Taro.

"They are so narrow that we cannot see them from here."

Taro pointed to several immense, sloping roofs.

"What are those big, steep roofs?" he asked.

"Those are temples, and after a while we will go to visit some of them. They are very gorgeous. But the Imperial Palace and Villas are still more beautiful; we have permission to visit them also."

"Oh, how wonderful! Shall we see the Emperor there?"

"No; the Emperor now lives in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, which is the present capital. But Kyoto was once the capital of Japan, just as New York was once the capital of the United States of America."

"Oh, I see," said Taro musingly.

"The palaces here are kept in beautiful order, and when any of the Imperial family come down to this city they stay there. The Prince of Wales was a guest in the palace here not long ago."

"Can any one who wishes go to see the palace, Uncle Fumio?"

"Oh, no! permission is especially given by the Imperial Household. Let us go to the other side of the garden and see those scarlet blossoms," suggested Uncle Fumio.

"Why are these rocks covered with moss?" asked Taro.

"Because a Japanese gardener tries to produce an

ancient appearance by using old moss-covered rocks and old tree-trunks and queer-shaped, aged trees. Such things are prized very highly. Do you know that sometimes a Japanese gentleman will pay more than a thousand dollars for a stone or an old tree-trunk?"

"How odd!" exclaimed Taro.

A hotel boy in a blue uniform with brass buttons, just like the bell-boys in America, came in search of them. "The ladies are waiting to have breakfast," he said, bowing much more politely than any bell-boy in America.

"We will be in immediately," said Uncle Fumio.

As soon as breakfast was over Taro took Hana out to the garden and explained what his uncle had said about Japanese gardens. They were looking at a pretty stone lantern when a bell-boy came to bring them to their mother.

When they reached the small reception-room their mother and uncle were talking to a strange gentleman. It was Mr. Ito, their father's cousin and business associate. The children shook hands shyly.

"Your mother has promised to bring you to see us tomorrow," said Mr. Ito. He turned to Taro. "Do you think you will like Kyoto?" he asked.

"Kyoto is warmer than Grandmother's," Taro said.

"Oh, Shinshu. Yes, of course. That is in the moun-

tains and is quite cool. We will take you to the river for a cooling-off party; you will like that."

The next day Mr. Ito placed his secretary and a good-looking motorcar at the disposal of his kinsfolk. By this time Taro and Hana had become accustomed to whirling along behind the bare brown legs of a jinrikisha man. They had come to trust his kindly smile and his gentle care of them. Hana had said one day, after saying goodby to her jinrikisha man, "Mother, why can't we take a jinrikisha man back to America?"

Her mother had only laughed and said, "I have often wished for one over there."

The huge, shining automobile waiting outside in the narrow street seemed to Taro and Hana stranger than a quaint jinrikisha.

"It is too big for the street; I like a jinrikisha better," said Taro.

But when they were all comfortably seated so that they could talk as they rode through the city, he thought it was great fun, after all.

One narrow, unpaved street seemed like every other. The people staring from the low houses seemed very much alike. Every single one of them had black hair and black eyes. Almost every one had on a dark striped cotton kimono seemingly cut from the same material and after the same pattern. The men's kimono sleeves

were shorter and their sashes narrower, the children and young people wore lighter colors, but every one, in general, was dressed alike, it seemed to the children.

"The houses here are larger than up at Grandmother's," said Taro.

"Oh, yes. Kyoto is one of the finest cities in Japan," said his mother. "It has been important for so many centuries that people consider it an honor to belong to Kyoto. Its people are called the most beautiful and most aristocratic in all Japan."

They visited several spacious temples. Each was dedicated to a different deity; but all seemed just alike to the children. There were relics which interested their mother and uncle, but the children were more interested in watching the pilgrims coming and going.

These pilgrims had wide straw hats on, and the corners of their kimono had been tucked up out of the way. Doves fluttered down from the roofs to pick up grain which the pilgrims scattered for them. Once an old man saw Hana watching the doves and he gave her a handful of grain to throw to them. She was delighted, and watched the beautiful colors of their wings as they fluttered about in the brilliant sunlight.

At the temple dedicated to the goddess of mercy, Kwannon, there were hundreds of her statues, each with a gilded halo, and hands stretched out to bless.

It was the most interesting temple of all, the children thought.

Hundreds of flickering candles cast uncertain light over the dim room. Weird shadows stretched away from the tall, dusty, gilded statues.

"Why are there so many?" queried Taro.

"Just to remind us of the kindness of a woman who lived long, long ago," answered his mother.

In one large temple they saw an immense hair rope. Mrs. Yada explained its history.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "this temple was burned down. Women in my province in the north wished to help in rebuilding it. Many of them cut off their hair and had an immense rope woven of it, and offered it to the temple. I remember the pompous ceremony when the rope was started."

"Did you cut off your hair?" asked Hana.

"Oh, no! I was only a little girl. But Kin, my nurse, did. For a long time she went about her work with a blue flowered towel tied around her head."

"See what pretty Buddhist rosaries the man is selling at that booth!" said Mrs. Yada. "Let's get one for Mary Carver."

"A Buddhist rosary for Mary Carver?" said Hana, not understanding what her mother meant.

"Yes; these make pretty necklaces, and Mary likes beads."

So they went over and selected a deep pink coral rosary, and a clear crystal one, and several wooden bead ones.

Next, they went to Mr. Ito's villa just outside of Kyoto, for his family had prepared to entertain them. Mr. Ito lived in a low, rambling house at the foot of a hillside. A waterfall leaped merrily down the side of the hill and ran away into a pool where happy goldfish darted about after bubbles. The branches of an aged pine spread out over the front gate like protecting arms.

The whole Ito household were lined up at the entrance to greet their guests. The usual low bows and gentle speeches were exchanged, and the usual cup of tea served. Mrs. Yada and Mrs. Ito talked together in the guest-room; Taro and Hana played in the garden with the two Ito children; Mr. Ito and Uncle Fumio smoked in the wistaria arbor.

Mrs. Yada had a full view of the garden from where she sat, and as she talked her eyes followed every movement of the children. Japanese etiquette is so strict that she feared they might do something they should not do.

Mr. Ito's garden was a very fine one. He had

searched all over Japan for the stones and trees it contained. The pride of the garden was a very old, hollow pine-tree. Its trunk half reclined in a crawling-dragon shape, and was covered with gray moss. The Dragon Pine, it was called.

The children were having a merry chase, and Taro was in danger of being caught when, like a squirrel, he nimbly leaped upon the Dragon Pine. Crash! Down came Taro's perch and he with it. He gazed down at the crumpled old tree-trunk—the garden's chief treasure, and his lip trembled. Mr. Ito had rushed to Taro's side and brushed some moss off his coat.

"Never mind, Taro San," he said; "it is only an old tree, anyway." And he laughed gaily.

Mrs. Yada had fairly flown to the scene, and with a white face looked at the tree. She well knew what it meant to Mr. Ito, and that he was too polite to show his regret. She was embarrassed and utterly unhappy over the accident. Mrs. Ito had followed her guest and tried to make her feel less troubled.

"It has been almost falling for some time," she said. "Now we can get something else."

That evening in their sitting-room at the hotel, after the children were fast asleep, Mrs. Yada said to her brother, "How relieved I am that you brought us to

this hotel. If I had to watch the children every minute of our visit here, I should be a wreck."

"Don't be a foolish Japanese woman after ten years away from these oddity-loving people," he replied. "That old tree was good for nothing but kindling wood, anyway."

"Oh, Fumio!" exclaimed his gentle sister.

X

Word of Mrs. Yada's visit to Kyoto spread quickly among her husband's relatives. There were so many who demanded a share in the children from America that before they knew it, a month had passed. Fishing parties, dinners, excursions, and picnics had been arranged in their honor.

But now they must leave, for Mrs. Yada wished to spend some time in Tokyo before leaving Taro there in school. Many arrangements must be completed before she and Hana could sail for home.

The Kyoto streets were very quiet as Mrs. Yada, Uncle Fumio, and the children rode from the hotel to the station, for it was early in the morning. A few farmers were taking their produce to market. Their carts were piled high with vegetables; the men pulled the carts, and their wives pushed.

"Farmers have to get up early, Hana," Taro shouted back to his sister, who was riding in her mother's jinrikisha.

"I am not a farmer," she replied, though she looked a little ashamed. She had objected to getting up early that morning, and Taro thought he would tease her.

When they arrived at the station, the whole platform seemed full of people. They were relatives who had come to say goodby and to bring a parting gift to the children.

Each one had a package; you never saw so many kinds of packages in your life. Some of them were wrapped in paper, and tied with red-and-white cord; some of them were large, some small. There were white satiny wooden boxes; there were bamboo baskets of dark-red grapes, yellow peaches, grapefruit, plums, figs, and oranges. Mr. Ito had a thin square package under his arm for Taro.

Mrs. Ito came up to Hana, who was holding fast to her mother's hand.

"Hana-ko San, this Kyoto doll wishes to go to America with you," said she, as she placed a large doll in Hana's arms.

Hana looked at the doll with wide-open eyes. It was almost as large as a wee baby. It was dressed in

a flowered silk-crêpe kimono, and had a sash of rich scarlet brocade.

"Oh! Oh! How beautiful!" said the happy little Hana, as she clasped it tight.

Every one smiled at her delight. Then she remembered that she had not said thank you, or anything; so she made a prim little bow and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Ito. I will take good care of her. What is her name?"

"Call her Aki San—Miss Autumn," said Mrs. Ito.

Just then a train-guard came along, saying in Japanese, "Please get aboard. It is time to start."

"Goodby! *Sayonara*!" every one said, bowing low.

Then the four got on the train, and watched their friends from the windows as long as they could see them. Hana waved one hand while with the other she clasped Aki San.

Like a huge dragon the train crawled away; then the friends moved away, murmuring, "What dear children!"

It took a long time to open and inspect the presents, and it kept Mrs. Yada and her brother busy explaining what they were. At last the children piled them up at the end of the long seat, and then looked out of the window at the rice fields. A gentle breeze blew over

the fields, and the tall green stalks swayed in slow ripples.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Hana.

"It is like a green sea," said Taro.

The train ran beside a road bordered on each side by large pine-trees.

"Uncle Fumio, why do those trees grow along the road that way?" asked Taro.

"That road is called the Tokaido; long ago it was an important highway between Tokyo and Kyoto. The trees were planted then. There were no trains at that time, and everybody traveled on the Tokaido."

"Did every one ride in jinrikishas then?" asked Taro.

"No; there were no jinrikishas, either. They used palanquins, which were carried by men on poles placed across their shoulders."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Hana. "I saw a black-and-gold palanquin in Grandmother's *o-kura*. Ji-ya told me that Grandfather Kawamura rode in it from Tokyo to Kyoto, and he walked by Grandfather's side every step of the way. It took almost as many days to go from Tokyo to Kyoto then as it did for us to cross the Pacific."

By this time the train was running right along the seacoast, and every one looked out over the water. No one spoke for several minutes. They were thinking of

the trip that Hana and her mother soon would be taking across the great ocean.

It was the middle of the afternoon when Hana heard some one exclaim, "Fuji-san! Fuji-no-yama!" She looked out quickly, and when Taro heard her exclaim, "Oh, oh!" he scrambled down from the opposite side and ran over to her window. There before them loomed Mount Fuji's great cone. It seemed very near.

"When we saw it from the boat it was hanging in the sky. Now we seem to be on its side," said Taro.

"We seem to be, indeed, riding along the base of Fujiyama, itself," said Mrs. Yada.

"The Japanese love Fujiyama and never tire of watching it, for it always appears different," said Uncle Fumio.

"Is that why its picture is used on almost everything?" asked Hana.

"Yes, that is it. Do you like it, too, Hana?"

"Oh, yes! I think it the most beautiful mountain in the world!"

"Sure it is," added Taro.

"Kin used to tell me interesting fairy tales about Fujiyama when I was a little girl," said their mother.

"Oh, do tell us one now!" begged both child. They cuddled down on her right and left, so there was nothing to do but to tell them a story.

"There before them loomed Mount Fuji's great cone"

THE SHADOW OF FUJIYAMA

Long, long ago a humble young fisherman lived alone in a tiny hut among the pine-trees of Miyo. One day his luck had been poor. He had fished all morning without success. At noon he sat down on the shore under a beautiful pine to rest and eat his lunch.

He took two rice bălls out of a square piece of cloth. One contained a bit of broiled fish, the other a salted vegetable. As he ate the rice-balls he gazed out over the sea. It was spring-time; the birds hopped from branch to branch above his head; the sparkling waves danced in the sunshine. Beyond the deep green of the forest the snow-capped, sacred Fujiyama rose against the blue sky.

"Just as it is today?" put in Hana, looking out of the window.

"Just the same, except that there was more snow then."

The fisherman finished his lunch, then folded the piece of cloth and tied it in his belt. He leaned forward and gazed down into the deep, deep blue-green sea. Like a magic mirror, it reflected the sky, Mount Fuji, and the pines.

While watching the reflections wavering the restless water, he noticed something fluttering in the topmost branch of the pine at whose base he sat. Was it a cloud? He leaned over and looked more closely. It resembled a cloud cloak.

He rose and peered up into the branches above him. There he saw it—caught in the highest branch; not a cloud, but a robe of feathers, it seemed to be.

Quickly he climbed up to the fairy-like garment. It was indeed a robe made of feathers—tinted with the soft colors of an evening sunset. He took it carefully over his arm and descended. The soft, downy thing clinging to his arm made him strangely happy. "It is a gift from the gods," he said to himself; "else how could it get there?"

As if in answer to his question a fair maiden came toward him from the sea. Spellbound, the young man looked at her. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen. Then she spoke and her voice was like the music of a silver bell.

"Please, may I have my robe?" she asked, looking at the dainty garment on his arm.

"I found it in the top of this pine-tree. I am going to keep it," he said.

"Please let me have it. I hung it there while I went

for a swim, and I cannot return home without it," she said.

She looked so sad that the fisherman felt sorry for her. He could not bear to make her unhappy, so he held out the robe.

"I thought it would bring me luck," he said with a sigh.

His disappointment touched the fairy. As she slipped the feather robe over her shoulders she said softly, "Have courage. I will watch your nets."

Then there was a gentle rustle and she floated, light as a summer cloud, up, up into the air. The fisherman watched her disappear in the glowing clouds which hovered round the top of Fujiyama.

That afternoon, and the next day, and the next, and whenever the young man cast his net, he drew in marvelous loads of fish. He became so prosperous that every one heard his story. Even today his descendants wear a crest whose symbol is a fish swimming within the shadow of Fujiyama.

TARO GOES TO SCHOOL

XI

Taro rushed into his mother's room with a shout, "Fencing is the greatest fun!"

"What have you been doing? Your face is as red as an *oni*," his mother said, as he sat down on the *tatami* beside her. An *oni* is a red-faced demon.

"Ichiyo San is teaching me to fence, so the boys at school won't laugh at my awkwardness. We have been practising all afternoon. *Atsui! atsui!* Warm, warm!"

He took a fan out of a rack in the corner of the room, and began to fan vigorously. A long piece of thin paper lying across Mrs. Yada's knees fluttered in the sudden burst of air.

"What a long, queer-looking letter, Mother. What is it?" said Taro, holding up the letter, which was, in fact, about four feet long.

"It is a letter from the school principal."

"O, Mother! Did I pass? Can I enter?"

"Yes, you are accepted on trial. It was hard for the Committee to decide your case, because you know so little Japanese. Your mathematics paper was so good that they decided to pass you."

"Gee! Won't Father be glad! I will try hard."

"Perhaps your English and mathematics will pull you through," his mother observed quietly, taking no notice of his slang. "Where is your sister, Taro?"

"I saw her in the garden with Ume-ko San. She just sticks with Ume-ko and Matsu-ko all the time. She never plays with Ichiyo and me," complained Taro.

"Well, you see, Taro, in Japan boys and girls do not play together. So the girls never think of playing with Ichiyo."

Mrs. Yada and her children were at the Tokyo home of her lifelong friend, Mrs. Sugi. Ever since their boarding-school days Mrs. Sugi and Mrs. Yada had kept in touch with each other. So Mrs. Sugi had invited the Yada family to visit her, and Taro was to be left in her care for four years in the Japanese school.

Mrs. Sugi's three children thought it great fun to play with Taro and Hana, who did so many cunning things. Ichiyo, twelve years old, was Taro's chum,

while the two girls, Ume-ko, nine, and Matsu-ko seven, were Hana's playmates. It was interesting to watch the children playing and studying together, Taro and Hana teaching their little friends English, and in turn learning Japanese from them.

Mrs. Sugi believed that children should have as much outdoor exercise as possible, so she had swings and a seesaw and other games for them in the large garden. At one side of the playground was a carpenter-shed where the boys spent a good deal of time making whirligigs, kites, sail-boats, bamboo whistles, and other things.

The second Monday in September came much too soon to suit the children. Taro was so excited that morning that he could eat no breakfast, for he was to begin school. A little after seven o'clock, he started with Ichiyo for the building, a walk of about twenty minutes.

When they came near the large, low, wooden building Taro thought he had never seen so many boys and girls in his life. The boys all had the school badge on their caps; the girls wore nothing on their heads, but they wore the badge on the belt of their pleated purple skirts. The boys filed in at one side and the girls at the other.

"Here we are, Taro San," said Ichiyo, stopping in

the vestibule, where row upon row of wooden shelves marked off into compartments lined the sides. "We put our *geta* in these pigeon-holes. See, these are marked third year, and you must keep yours here. But since you are wearing leather shoes you need not take them off except on rainy days," Ichiyo explained.

Taro looked around at the boys scuffling out of their wooden clogs and putting on straw sandals. Each boy left his *geta* in a pigeon-hole before he entered the schoolroom, for all dirt and mud must be left behind. Taro understood now why his mother had carefully written her name on his sister's *geta*.

Ichiyo and Taro passed through a long hall into Taro's classroom.

"This is Yada San, Miss Ono," said Ichiyo to a teacher standing on a low platform at one end of the room.

"So this is our little pupil from America," said Miss Ono kindly. Then she called one of the boys of the class, and said, "Please help Yada San until he learns the regulations of the school."

A big gong sounded just then, and the class arose.

"Come to the assembly room," said the teacher.

Taro did not understand what she said, but his guide said in English, "This way," as he smiled kindly, and Taro followed him to a large empty room.

Two thousand children entered in orderly groups led by class monitors. Every one stood facing a platform, where the principal and a line of teachers stood. The principal stepped forward, and instantly two thousand black heads bowed in unison.

Taro did not understand the principal's few words of welcome, but he liked the military precision of the bows and the orderly return to the classrooms.

Taro could not understand all that his teacher and classmates said. But his guide helped him write down the instructions for the lessons which would come the next day. He thought he had a great many studies. As all the work, except the class in English, was in Japanese, he wondered whether he could ever learn enough Japanese words to recite his lessons. There were ethics, Japanese history, Japanese geography, reading, writing, English, mathematics, drawing, and gymnastics. He was somewhat familiar with the work to be done, for his mother had been giving him lessons since their coming to Japan, in order to prepare him.

At eleven o'clock the first day's school ended, and Ichiyo came for Taro.

"How did you like it?" he asked.

"It was interesting," said Taro; "but it will be hard to keep up with those boys—they are so bright."

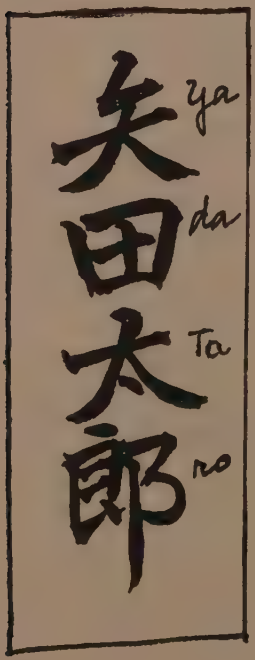
BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL

"You will lead your class in English, anyway," answered Ichiyo.

"Miss Ono told the class that they would have to study hard to keep up with me in English," laughed Taro.

That evening Mrs. Yada helped Taro make little wooden tags with his name on them for each of his articles, so that they would not get lost.

"Does my name have a meaning, Mother?" Taro asked.



"Yes; all Japanese names have a meaning. *Yada* means 'Arrow Rice-field,' and *Taro* means 'First Son'."

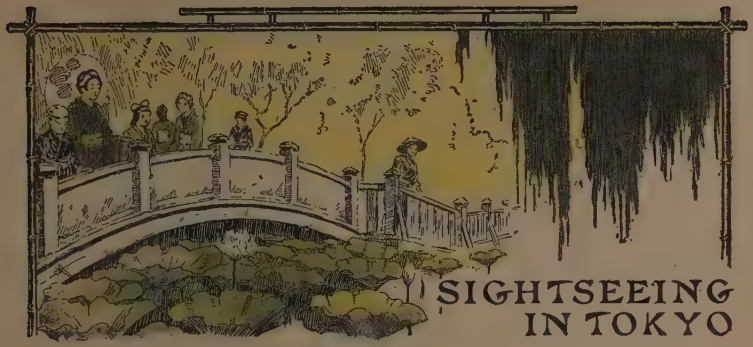
"Do you think I can ever learn so many Japanese words?"

"To be sure! In a short time you will know a great many."

This is Taro's name tag.

"Put your books away neatly on your desk and I will tell you a story," said Mrs. Yada, when they had finished their work.

"Wait, Mother, until I call Ume-ko and Matsu-ko and Ichiyo," said Hana.



SIGHTSEEING IN TOKYO

XII

Mrs. Yada stayed on in Tokyo for several weeks while Taro was becoming accustomed to the Japanese school. Every evening she sat with him, his books spread on the mats, and explained his lessons. Taro's Japanese vocabulary grew day by day, and he found it easier all the time to understand his teacher and classmates. The boys would crowd around him at every opportunity to ask questions about his school in America, about American boys, and the games they play. They taught him Japanese words and explained his lessons; in a few days Taro was feeling very much at home.

Every Saturday afternoon Mrs. Yada took the children sightseeing. There are so many interesting things in Tokyo that they could not see them all, but she made out a list of a few which she thought would be the

most interesting. Then they started out as tourists to see the sights.

Taro enjoyed the museums and the zoological garden very much. He liked best of all the ancient armor and old ceremonial articles. Those beautiful things, hundreds of years old, made him realize in a new way that his country had much to feel proud of.

Hana did not care for the old historical things. She thought the toys in the big department stores much more interesting.

One Saturday they went to Uyeno Park to see an immense lotus pond. A narrow path ran right through the center of the pond with a beautiful arched bridge at one side. They stood on the bridge and looked out over the pond. The large white and red blossoms rested gracefully among the glossy green leaves, completely covering the water.

"Oh, how wonderful!" Hana exclaimed.

"Do you remember the story Mother told us about Buddha and the lotus?" Taro asked his sister.

"Yes, I do. That was the time we went to pour tea over the baby Buddha."

They spent one whole afternoon at Asakusa Amusement Park. Every child in Tokyo loves that park. There are merry-go-rounds, marionette shows, ball

riders, monkey-and-dog shows, bird tricks, and other curious things to amuse children—and grown-ups, too.

At one side of the park is a large pond. In it are carp, goldfish, and strange fish with fan-shaped fins. The children had never seen fish of such fantastic shapes and gorgeous colors. Mrs. Yada had hard work to persuade them to come away.

"Please wait until they eat another rice wafer!" begged Hana, as she threw down a fish-cake and watched the pretty fish dart for it.

"Very well, just this one. Then we must go home or we shall keep Mrs. Sugi's dinner waiting. That would be very unkind. We will come again if you wish," her mother said.

On the way out they passed through a long line of booths. There were booths devoted to dolls, toys, candy, cakes, books, plants, and notions. Oh, how hard it was to walk right past them without stopping to look at them! "We will surely come again," promised Mrs. Yada, so the children had to be satisfied.

When they came to the street-car line, every car was full. They could not possibly get on. They took a taxi with an open top, and that was a nicer way to travel, as they could see the streets as they went along. Some of the streets were wide, but most of them were very narrow. Taro thought that they turned innumerable

corners before they finally came to Mrs. Sugi's wide gate.

One evening Mrs. Sugi took the two families out to see the booths along Ginza Street. This is the main street of Tokyo, and on certain evenings tradesmen set up stalls along its sides. The strange wares laid out under the drooping willow-trees which border the Ginza made a pretty sight. There were curio booths, others for books, toys, vegetables, cakes, plants, singing-insects, and other things. Many people were buying articles at the booths to take home. Nearly every one seemed to carry away something.

The strange dwarfed trees interested the children more than anything else. Mrs. Sugi bought a little pine for Hana to carry away on the boat, for in two days she and her mother were to leave Japan.

"Don't you want a *suzumushi*—cricket?" Matsu-ko asked Hana, as they stopped in front of the insect booth with its rows and rows of tiny bamboo cages of singing-insects.

"I feel sorry for them," Hana said, looking at the little insects chirping noisily. "They are crying to get out."

"Oh, no! They are singing," Matsu-ko replied. "All Japanese like *suzumushi* very much. Don't you, too?"

"The strange dwarfed trees interested the children more than anything else"

"No; their music does not sound happy to me. All singing is happy, isn't it?"

"Let us take a cage home to hang on the veranda, and maybe you will enjoy it there," said Mrs. Sugi. And she bought a little cage of the insects.

Taro was allowed to carry it home, and he kept wondering all the way why any one could enjoy the chirruping of imprisoned insects. But he had learned by now that the customs of Japan are in many ways not like ours and he was beginning to see that perhaps some of the things he did seemed as strange to his cousins as their ways did to him. Mrs. Yada was glad that her son had learned that lesson before she left him. It would make her less anxious about him during their separation.

TARO'S FIRST FIELD DAY

XIII

A spirit of suppressed excitment had pervaded Taro's school during preparations for the annual autumn Field Day. It was now the night before the long-awaited day, and Taro could hardly sleep. He had all sorts of dreams in which mirth and anxiety were mingled. He was glad when the sun rose and he could get up.

Though Taro expected to have a wonderful time, yet he felt a little anxious about Field Day. For days past the boys had talked of nothing except the coming exercises. Many of the games were strange to Taro, yet the boys insisted on making him their leader in several. They seemed to have an idea that victory would certainly come to them in every game led by Taro San.

His American training had given him confidence, and his frank ways with the boys made him very popu-

lar. One cause of his popularity was perhaps his odd Japanese phrases. Often in speaking Japanese Taro translated his thoughts with an American idiom, or he placed the words in the English order. This amused the boys hugely, though in the classroom they were careful not to laugh at his mistakes. On the playground their mirth at his peculiar words and twisted sentences did not annoy Taro. Rather it gave him a pleasant feeling of being the center of attraction. Very soon his friendly, unaffected ways won the heart of every boy, and he became the hero of the whole class. All questions in dispute were referred to Taro San for settlement. It made Taro proud to feel that the boys thought him more experienced than themselves.

And this was the reason for his present anxiety. He had a great desire to do well in the Field Day sports, for he knew that he was behind the boys in most of his studies. Field Day would give him a chance to even up. Only the day before, Ichiyo had remarked on their way home from school, "Taro San, you can become your class leader in the sports. All the boys say you are the best in your class. They are proud of you. Aren't you glad?" As he recalled that remark he determined to make good.

Two plain white paper dolls dangling from the low branch of a plum-tree near the veranda attracted Taro's

attention. He thought them quite pretty, and they gave him a feeling of confidence, though he said nothing. The day before he had seen Ume-ko and Matsu-ko making paper dolls. As usual he had wanted to know what they were doing.

"Why are your sisters making paper dolls? Aren't they interested in the sports?" he had asked Ichiyo.

"Oh, yes," Ichiyo had replied. "They are interested. This is the way they are trying to help."

"How is that?" Taro had asked, a little bewildered.

"They think those simple paper dolls will give us a fair day tomorrow," Ichiyo explained. "That is the way with girls. They make me tired!"

Sometimes Taro did not understand Ichiyo's ways toward his sisters. While he never treated them unkindly, yet he often assumed a superior air toward them which seemed almost unkind. At such times Taro would recall his mother's words, "Remember that Japanese ways are different, but soon you will understand them."

Taro had learned before this that it was all right for him to help the girls whenever they needed him and that he could always be kind to them in actions, but that he should never take their part in words. And so he checked his impulse to call out, "Your dolls are beautiful, Matsu-ko." He simply looked back at the

fluttering offerings as he turned silently toward his mother's room. "They may, after all, bring us good luck," he thought.

The Sugi household had been astir earlier than usual that morning. Even before Taro had risen he had heard the servants chattering in the kitchen about the Field Day. They were anxious to have the nicest possible lunches for the children to carry along.

"All the boys and girls will have good lunches today, and we must not shame our children," Taro had heard them say.

"I believe the servants are as anxious over the sports as we are," said Taro to his mother, as she tied the string of his kilt.

"They really are," Mrs. Yada replied. "Anything of importance to the household is important also in their eyes. They will be very happy if you win."

"Oh, Mother, do you think I can?" he said, looking a bit anxious.

"Do your best and you will be happy," she said quietly. And Taro felt encouraged.

For sometime Taro had been wearing Japanese dress, as his mother felt it was best for him to be as much like the other boys as possible. He really looked handsome in his kilt of striped goods over his black-and-white patterned kimono. Hana-ko had been

watching her mother help Taro dress, and she suddenly exclaimed, "Brother, you look just like a real Japanese boy!"

"Of course! Why shouldn't I?" was Taro's abrupt reply, as he went out to the shoe-off vestibule.

When he saw the servant holding his black American shoes he felt a little ashamed, for he had tried to wear the Japanese sandals, but the cord which fits between the toes had hurt so badly that he had given up in disgust. Before he had one shoe half laced Ichiyo had stepped into his sandals and gone to the gate to wait for him. "Shoes are such a bother," thought Taro.

At eight the whole school assembled on the gymnasium field. Each pupil carried a small round box of lunch carefully wrapped in a square of pretty cloth called a *furoshiki*. One end of the *furoshiki* crossed the left shoulder, the other end passed under the right arm. They were brought together in front and securely tied in a bow-knot. Carried in this way the little box was no trouble whatever.

The principal of the school came out to the platform at one side of the field, and immediately the happy, excited children quieted down. The principal made the customary bow of greeting, to which the whole school responded with a low, courteous bow as was due an honored teacher. Next the instructor of gymnastics

came forward and, after bowing, announced the order of the day's proceedings. That took only a moment; then the pupils began to march out by classes—the first grade going first, followed by the others in order.

Taro watched everything with the keenest interest. He admired the orderly precision of the class formations and the quickness and smoothness with which everything was done. In marshalling the classes along, the teachers were assisted by the pupils of the highest grade.

It is customary to select a large open space in some public park or parade ground for such occasions. The spot chosen by Taro's school was within the outer courtyard of the Meiji Shrine. This shrine was only a twenty minutes' march from the school. It had been built in memory of the Emperor Meiji, whom every Japanese, whether man, woman or child, loved and respected. It was erected as an expression of their adoration. As the beloved Emperor Meiji had loved school children, the Tokyo Government permitted the use of the grounds for annual sports.

The quick march through the Tokyo streets came to an end too soon to suit Taro. It seemed to him only a moment until the massive, curved thatched roofs of the shrine buildings came into view.

When the children had marched into the outer court-

yard they bowed reverently toward the shrine proper, which they could see back of a stone fence separating the smaller inner court from the large one where they stood. Then they were told to rest a little while before beginning the program.

A committee had charge of the exercises, and while the school rested they ran about getting everything in order for the games, and soon all was ready to begin. The girls were stationed on one side and the boys on the other. First the boys would perform and then the girls. The boys had fencing contests, wrestling matches, obstacle races, arms-locked jumps, baseball and other games. But Taro was more interested in the girls' games because they were different from what he had expected. The boys' sports were purely athletic, but those of the girls were not altogether so. Their games included some of an artistic nature.

The women teachers took charge of the girls' games. About thirty of the older girls had contests with wooden halberds. Each girl fastened her long sleeves back with a brightly colored string. They marched gracefully in the shape of a wind-wheel while whirling their long halberds. Some small girls tossed bean-bags of bright colors as they raced, the race being won by the swiftest of foot who at the same time succeeded in reaching the goal without dropping a single bean-bag.

All the girls cheered their side along by singing "The Wind-wheel Song" or others suitable to the game, and by cheering lustily.

One of the girls' games which Taro thought especially pretty was called "The Floral Chain." And it was taken by the girls of Taro's class. At a distance of thirty yards from the starting-point were long bamboo needles trailing stout threads, and baskets of pink cherry petals. When the leader said, "One, two, three, ready, go!" the contestants ran to the baskets, picked up the needles and threaded the petals into long floral chains. Their fingers flew like shuttles and very soon the winner hung the first completed chain over the handle of her basket and retired to her class line amid the cheers of the whole school.

Taro knew just how embarrassed the winner felt, for he himself had had to walk the length of the field as the school cheered his victory. He discovered that the greatest fun was in the game itself.

That evening the Sugi household was quite noisy as everybody talked over the Field Day. Both Mrs. Sugi and Mrs. Yada had been among the invited spectators, and the children insisted on having their mothers tell which games they had liked best.

"Picked up the needles and threaded the petals into long floral chains"

XIV

The time seemed to come very quickly when Mrs. Yada must leave her native land to return to her husband in her adopted home. For many days before her departure she was busy with preparations. Besides packing her trunk and arranging for Taro's vacations and other affairs, she had to make a long round of farewell calls upon friends who had been kind to her during her residence in Tokyo. Then there were many goodby letters to be written to distant relatives.

But at last the day came; and that, of course, was the busiest and saddest of all her days in Japan. Uncle Fumio, Taro, Mrs. Sugi and her three children, and some other friends went down to Yokohama to see Mrs. Yada and Hana off for America. Taro's spirits fell sometimes when he thought that the wide Pacific Ocean would lie between him and his parents and sister, and

that he would not see any of them until his father came over in the following spring. But he was very brave and tried hard to keep any one from guessing how he felt.

All the friends went aboard to see Mrs. Yada's stateroom and to leave flowers and fruit there for her. All the other passengers seemed to have friends seeing them off, and there was a great deal of excitement and bustle on the decks, so that no one had a chance to feel very sad.

At last the gong sounded for visitors to leave the boat. Immediately the air was filled with hundreds of *sayonaras* and goodbys as different groups of friends parted.

Mrs. Yada's friends waited on the pier until the boat left. Taro stood on a box by his uncle's side and waved again and again to his mother and sister as long as he could see them. A tear now and then blotted them out, but it was only for a moment.

A whistle blew sharply, there was a grinding noise, and the huge steamer slowly moved away from her moorings. At that instant handkerchiefs fluttered, and hundreds of hands waved farewell.

"Here, Hana, throw this to Taro," said Mrs. Yada, handing her a ball of red paper ribbon. "Hold tight to one end. Now watch me."

She threw one to Uncle Fumio, and others to the children on the pier. Soon everybody in their party had a streamer—yellow, pink, green and other colors. As the boat moved slowly away, the balls unrolled and stretched between the boat and the pier in a rainbow bridge. Every one was too excited to think about the separation or that the happy visit to Japan had come to an end.

THE END

GLOSSARY

"ah" as *"a"* in *"father"*: *"ee"* as *"i"* in *"machine"*:
"eh" as *"e"* in *"get"*: *"oh"* as *"o"* in *"hole"*:
"ih" as *"i"* in *"it"*: *"o"* as *"o"* in *"hickory"*:
"oo" as *"oo"* in *"book"*.

Taro ..... (Tah'roh)
Yada ..... (Yah-dah)
Hana ..... (Hah'nah)
Fuji ..... (Foo'jih)
Yokohama ..... (Yoh-koh-hah-mah)
Fumio ..... (Foo-mih-oh)
Hana-ko San ..... (Hah'nah-koh Sahn)
Jinrikisha ..... (Jin-rih-kih-shah
Matsu-ya ..... (Mah-tsoo-yah)
O-jo-sama ..... (O-joh'sah-mah)
Bo-chama ..... (Boht'chah-mah)
Hibachi ..... (Hih-bah'chih)
Shinshu ..... (Shin'shuh)
Sayonara ..... (Sah-yoh-nah-rah)
Tabi ..... (Tah'bih)
Jiya ..... (Jee'yah)
Yukio ..... (Yoo'kih-o)
Toki ..... (To'kih)
Kawamura ..... (Kah-wah-moo-rah)
Koto ..... (Koh-toh)
Amado ..... (Ah-mah-doh)
Asama-Yama ..... (Ah-sah-mah-yah-mah)
O-hina Matsuri ..... (O-hih-nah Mah'tsoo-rih)
O-kura ..... (O-koo-rah)

Honto ..... (Hon-toh)
Obi ..... (O-bih)
Tatami ..... (Tah-tah-mih)
Kyoto ..... (Kyoh'to)
Tokonoma ..... (To-ko-no-mah)
Shobu ..... (Shoh-boo)
Momotaro ..... (Moh-moh'tah-roh)
Kin ..... (Kin)
Nobu ..... (No'boo)
Kuwa ..... (Koo-wah)
Geta ..... (Geh-tah)
Zori ..... (Zoh-rih)
Hachiro ..... (Hah-chih-roh)
Ito ..... (Ih-toh)
Aki ..... (Ah'kih)
Miyo ..... (Mih'yoh)
Oni ..... (O-nih)
Atsui ..... (Ah-tsoo-ih)
Ume-ko ..... (Oo-meh-koh)
Matsu-ko ..... (Mah'tsoo-koh)
Ichiyo ..... (Ih'chih-yo)
Sugi ..... (Soo-gih)
Ono ..... (O'no)
Asakusa ..... (Ah-sah-koo-sah')
Ginza ..... (Gin'zah)
Suzumushi ..... (Soo-zoo-moo-shih)
Furoshiki ..... (Foo-roh'shih-kih)

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1. **No book may be without being cha** Borrowers are resp done to the volum sion and are expe losses.
2. (a) **Reserve Books** may be borrowed for a period of two hours. In case no call has been made in the interval, books may be renewed for a second two hours. (Where there is only one copy, book must be used in the library.)
   (b) Reserve books taken at 10 p.m. Mondays to Fridays are due at 9 a.m. the next morning. A reserve book taken from the library at 12 m. Saturday is due at 9 a.m. the following Monday.
3. Books not on reserve may be drawn from the library for two weeks and may be renewed once for the same period, except one-day books.
4. A fine of five cents a day will be charged on each book which is not returned according to the above rule.
5. **MAGAZINES ARE NOT** to be taken from the library.
6. Infringement of these rules may lead to withdrawal of library privileges.

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